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The Great Name in Confectionery

Veni Vidi Video

By WILLARD TEMPLE

JOE THATCHER hadn't always hated people. Once he had approved of mankind. Transferred to another city by the engineering firm which employed him, Joe considered the garden-type apartment he had managed to acquire delightful.

He liked the flagstone walks, the patches of grass, the elm trees and the blonde who walked her dog around the court at five-thirty each evening.

She was there every day when he came home from work. Thatcher took to loitering in the vicinity; he became bold enough to speak to the dog and the dog barked at him. The blonde didn't bark, she merely moved onward glacially and Thatcher ducked into his apartment and met Mrs. Feible on the stairs.

Whenever Joe entered or left his apartment hallway he was likely to find Mrs. Feible. She was a wrinkled beldame whom Thatcher expected to see ascending the staircase on a broom.

He had even got so desperate to talk to someone that one evening he ventured to say hello to Mrs. Feible. She looked blankly at him and skittered on up out of sight. Thereafter Joe did not repeat his mistake.

He spent his evenings wandering through his quarters, occasionally peering out the window at activity in other apartments. He saw bridge games and cocktail parties and families laughing and talking together.

He was lonely, and because of that he dropped into a store one day and spent a month's hard-earned pay. He got special permission from the landlord and made arrangements and came home one night to find two strange men in his living-room.

"All set," said one of them. "You got a little ghosting on number five but nothing can be done about it; there's a mountain between here and the station. I'll show you how to operate it."

He stooped before the walnut cabinet. "You flip this switch a notch. You turn on the volume. Then switch your brightness and contrast all the way over. Clockwise. Then you tune her in for sound with this dial. Set your contrast and cut down on the brightness. Anti-clockwise. Set your focus, and, brother, you're all set. You got it?"

The man's hands flicked from dial to dial. "Okay, that's it, she's your baby. So long."

Joe Thatcher tossed his hat into the corner and stood before the television set. Joe was a tall and brawny young man with an aggressive jaw and tumbled black hair.

Okay, he thought. So he didn't know anybody to talk to. So all right. He'd look at people on television. He'd watch somebody else talk.

He tried to remember what the man had told him and fiddled with the dials. He got a picture and pulled up the big chair and had just



got comfortable when the doorbell rang.

Nobody ever rang his doorbell. Joe opened the door and the hallway was filled with children. They stood there in solemn conclave, wide-eyed and reverent, and for a moment silent. Then the biggest boy, prodded from behind, edged forward.

"Hey, Mister," he said. "We saw the aerial. Is it true you got television?"

Joe grinned and swung the door wide open. "Why, sure," he said. "Come on in. We'll see what's on."

They raced past him, found seats on the floor, and Joe tinkered with the dials and came upon a Western movie. The kids sat there enthralled

Practically the whole neighborhood must be here now, Joe thought resignedly — even the cat.

and Thatcher didn't have the heart to switch over to the news review he had planned to see. He turned off the lights and started for the kitchen, tripping over a small girl on his way out.

He cooked his dinner, carried it to the table and sat down to eat. The screen was beyond his vision. He ate dinner to the drumfire of horses' hoofs and shouts indicating that the Triple X boys were heading off the rustlers in the canyon.

In the middle of dinner his phone rang for the first time since he had moved in.

Thatcher went out into the living-

room, tripping over the same small girl. He sprawled, caught himself, and grabbed the phone.

"Hello?" said a shrill voice. "Is Elwood there?"

"Elwood?" said Thatcher, and a boy sighed, detached himself from the group, and ambled to the phone.

"Aw, Mom," he said, "it's right in the middle of the picture. I'll eat later. I'm not hungry. I don't have any homework to-day. Aw, Mom."

He hung up. "I gotta go," he announced in the tones of a condemned man, and sadly departed.

Thatcher went back to his din-

ner, neatly leaped over the small girl in the archway, and had just sat down when the phone rang again. "One of you kids get that," Joe shouted.

He heard sounds of an argument and a lamp crashing over as the children fought to do the good deed. A boy ultimately won, answered the phone, listened a moment, then hung up.

"George and Ronnie," he said. "The Simpson twins, Harriet, Cynthia, and Ronnie. Get going."

Joe continued eating his solitary dinner. When he had finished he peered into the dark living-room, where four or five forms were faintly visible.

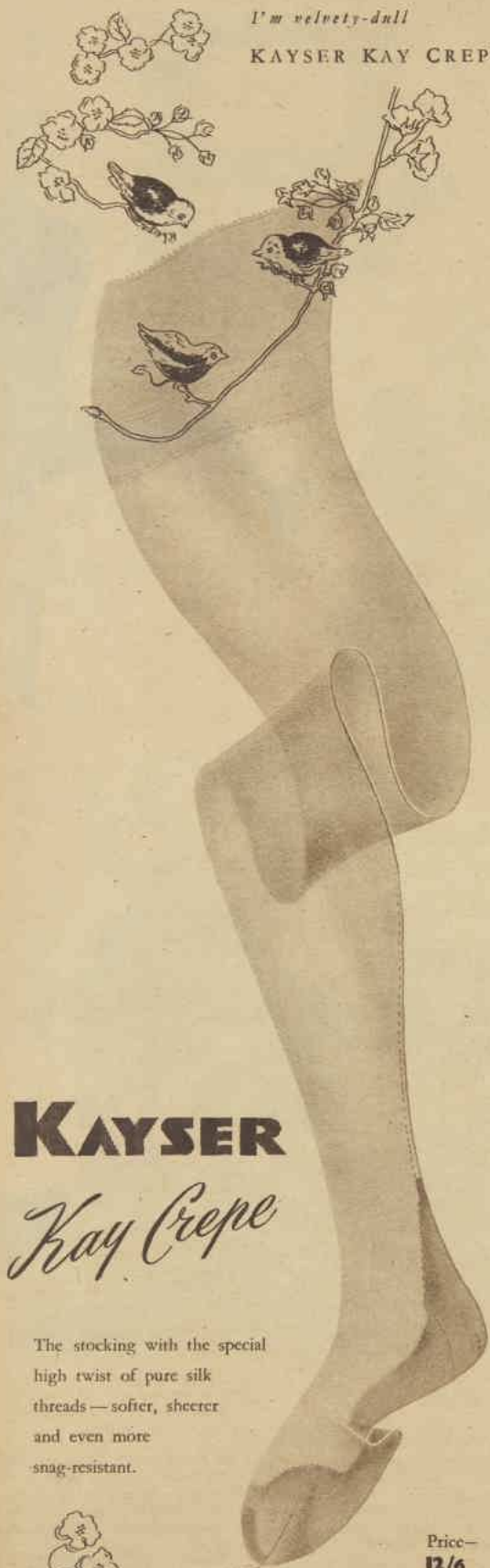
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REMEMBER ME?

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AT THE NICEST STORES

JOE went out and did the dishes, came back, and the living-room was deserted. Without turning on a light, Joe fiddled with the dials. He sat there entranced, watching various programmes for an hour and a half.

When he stood up, turning on a table lamp, he saw a pair of small feet sticking out from behind the big chair. Investigating, he found the small girl he had tripped over earlier in the evening. She was sound asleep on the strip of carpet between the chair and the wall.

A purse was clutched in one hand. An identification card inside gave her name as Janice Merritt and her residence in a city approximately seven hundred miles away. Joe picked her up, still sleeping, and made the rounds of the apartments, finding at apartment 42 the name of Merritt.

He rang the bell and the door was flung open and a hysterical woman cried, "My grandchild! My stricken grandchild!"

"Not stricken," said Joe. "She fell asleep in my apartment."

Other faces came into his vision. One belonged to the blonde who walked the dog.

"She was looking at the television and . . ." Someone breathed heavily on Joe's neck. He turned and found a fat policeman standing there.

"I searched those woods at the back of the apartment," said the officer. "I went through those woods like a bloodhound. No clues, no cloth sticking to branches. I got prickles all over my uniform."

"This man brought her back," the woman said. "He had her in his apartment."

"We were looking . . ." Thatcher began again when the small girl woke up.

"We saw a cowboy pitcher," she said with a dreamy smile. "It was wonderful. Four men got killed. Bang, bang, bang, bang!"

"A most unsuitable programme for a four-year-old," said the grandma sternly.

"Nonsense!" the blonde spoke up. "It wasn't this man's fault at all. We owe him a vote of thanks for bringing her back."

Joe approved of her more than ever. She was slim and very straight and not at all glacial when she smiled. He bowed himself out and the girl came forward and offered her hand.

"Thank you so much, Mr. . . ." Thatcher, Joe said.

"I'm Susan Merritt," the blonde said. "Janice is my brother's child. She is visiting us for a few days, and, naturally, Mother was frantic when she disappeared . . ."

"Naturally," said Joe. He got a whiff of perfume and reeled slightly.

"If you're not doing anything now," he said, "why not come back with me and see what's going on? If you fall asleep, I'll guarantee to bring you home."

She smiled. "Thank you," she said. "Some other time."

The door closed in his reddening face. She wasn't coming; she wasn't ever coming.

He had taken a dozen steps when he became aware of someone breathing on the back of his neck.

Joe turned to the fat policeman and said, "I haven't done anything. You have nothing on me."

"Now don't get sore," said the cop. "Now take it easy, friend. The people said she was kidnapped."

They had reached Thatcher's apartment and the policeman's footsteps dragged. "You've got a television," he said. "I've never seen one in a house. I've never seen one where a guy could set down and enjoy it. I've only seen 'em standing up."

Joe hesitated, then said, "Come in."

The policeman appropriated the big chair while Thatcher twirled

Veni, Vidi, Video

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the dials. He came upon a programme on how to embroider and maliciously left it there. The cop stared glassily at it for some minutes. "Can you get channel six?" he said finally. "It seems to me this is the night they've got wrestling on channel six."

Joe glared at him in the darkness, then spun the dial and presently two hairy and muscular behemoths were making threatening gestures at each other, and the policeman was making excited comments.

The policeman sat there and the bouts continued and Joe went in and undressed and came back in pyjamas, yawning elaborately and making such motions as noisily putting the milk bottles outside and pulling down the shades and the policeman sat there transfixed until a sudden fall ended the final bout.

"Much obliged," said the policeman, hoisting his bulk out of the big chair. "You've got a nice set there, only I'd say that in Gilhooley's saloon they get a better picture." So saying, he passed out into the night, and Joe slammed the door.

The next night Joe plodded up the walk, and the blonde was there with her dog. He knew her name now and possibly that could be considered as progress. "I hope the little girl is all right, Miss Merritt," he said, and she smiled and assured him that she was.

"Well," Thatcher said, and the girl smiled coolly, and Joe got red again and tripped over his big feet and said he was glad to know there were no ill effects, and went on cursing to his apartment. He opened the door and fell into the arms of eighteen or twenty kids who packed the hall.

"Let the man through," said one, and no sooner did he have the door unlocked than they swarmed past him and fought for choice seats. Joe switched the dials, found a Western, and sidled past them and out into the kitchen.

BY seven-thirty the last of the children had departed. Thatcher ran the vacuum, scraped a little mud off two of the chairs, stacked in one corner three sweaters, a hat, a rag doll, and one shoe that had been left, and settled down to relax and enjoy himself. He stretched out and the doorbell rang. Joe permitted himself a small dream. Miss Susan Merritt might be there.

He opened the door and shuddered as he looked at the grinning visage of Mrs. Feible from upstairs. Behind her was a small, bald-headed man with a collar two sizes too large for him.

"Why, Mr. Hatcher," said Mrs. Feible with a giggle, "I been telling Sam we ought to get more friendly with the neighbors. We've been meaning to drop in and pay a visit ever since you moved in, but Sam's been working back at night and what with this and that—"

"If it's not one thing it's been two others," said Sam Feible, and reached out his hand. "Mighty glad to know you, Mr. Fletcher."

They moved inside and Mrs. Feible stopped short and said, "Land sakes, Sam, Mr. Hatcher's got himself a television set. And one of those big screens that won't hurt a body's eyes."

"Well, well," said Mr. Feible feebly, not nearly as expert a dissembler as his wife. "I declare we're just in time to see the June Jimpson show. Course we've heard her on radio for years, but we never have seen her."

Joe went over and did the business with the dials. He sat down

on the footstool and Sam Feible took the big chair, scrutinising the screen, and said pontifically, "You've got her a little too dark, don't you think?"

Joe muttered to himself and turned a dial. He sat back silently and watched the show and presently he realised that it was warm in the apartment. He thought suddenly of beer. Simultaneously Sam Feible looked at him and coughed a hacking cough and said nothing, but his eyes were eloquent.

The June Jimpson programme ended, and in the interval between programmes there came a beer commercial. A bottle came on the screen, a bottle so cold it was sweating. The bottle was tilted in the air, and beer gurgled and sang into a glass.

Joe's tongue was a piece of felt between his teeth, his throat was a gravel pit. He sat there and swore to himself a solemn oath that he would die of thirst, he would roll over on the floor and gasp out his last choked breath with blackened tongue before he poured a beer for Feible and his wife.

Ultimately the Feibles departed and Joe made his resolution. People he hated. Animals he liked even to such things as aardvarks and horned toads and scorpions. It was just the human race that he detested, including blondes and children . . .

Joe came home the next night and did not pause upon seeing Susan Merritt airing her dog. He nodded coldly to her and went on and opened the outer apartment door and found the hallway jammed with small fry.

"Sorry, kids," he said. "The television's broken."

"What happened?" said a little girl, her voice crackling.

Joe hardened his heart. "The cathode jammed the flammis," he said. "Just one of those things, kids."

The children were stricken. Joe went inside and closed the door. He went into the kitchen, poured a beer, came back, and turned on the television set. The Western feature for the night was just starting. He tuned it in, sat back, and prepared to enjoy himself.

But something was wrong; somehow he had the feeling he was not alone. He twisted with discomfort, then turned and looked behind him at the window. It was a mass of distorted faces, cold blue noses squashed against the glass.

Joe went over and their eyes swung from the screen to him. He reached up one hand and grasped the cord of the window shade and eighteen pairs of eyes never wavered from his hand that spelled their doom.

His grip relaxed, he went to the door and said, "I give up. Come in."

They forgave him. They trooped in and overflowed the room and the smallest girl won the race to the big chair, parked her gum under the seat, and sat there happily while Thatcher picked his footing past them and went out to the kitchen to fry a brace of eggs for supper.

He sat down at the table thinking fantastic thoughts of posting leprosy and smallpox signs outside his apartment. He began his lonely meal and a cowboy shouted, "Come on, boys, we'll head 'em off at Piute Pass," and a gun went off and Thatcher stabbed himself in the cheek with his fork.

At seven-thirty the room was cleared. Joe sank into his chair and heard a ring at the doorbell. He detected a giggle in the hall, a typical Mrs. Feible giggle.

"Why don't you try Gilhooley's saloon?" he shouted.

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Gorrik turned constantly to stare at the girl as she worked.

Poison in the House

By A. E. MARTIN

CONCERNED that he has no heir to his lands, REFF STEEN, domineering owner of Pelvernon station, is delighted when, on a business visit to Perth, he finds that his dead brother's only child, VASHTI STEEN, is there, stranded with a theatrical company, and he makes instant arrangements to take her home with him.

The young actress is appalled by the gloomy Pelvernon, and its three other inhabitants, PETE GORRIK, half-witted HOLPER, and the down-trodden housekeeper, JEDDAH; but she falls instantly in love with STEVE GARVIE, whose property, Hucksditch, has been bought by Steen over his head.

Steen, however, decides to marry her to CHARLIE BATES, a young farmer already secretly engaged to NORA KAYE. He instructs Charlie's parents to tell him of the arrangement. Now read on—

YOUNG Bates left the interview with his father and mother wishing the old man had made his decision a little earlier. Now there was this entanglement with Nora Kaye.

He tried to remember exactly what he had promised that night he had made love to her behind the church, and, for a fleeting moment, wondered whether the horsemen they had heard talking might have heard their voices too.

He'd been pretty definite, he was afraid. He'd asked her to marry him and she'd agreed.

It had seemed all right when he was with her . . . rather wonderful in fact, but afterwards, at home, he'd been perturbed. He'd been swept off his balance by her proximity and the first experience of a new and exciting emotion.

But nothing had been farther from his thoughts than an offer of marriage and he was sure his parents would object. Nora wouldn't make a farmer's wife!

But this other one! This Vashti, who'd been a governess in the city. She mightn't make a farmer's wife either. But she'd have Reff Steen's farm and Steve Garvie's too.

Already he was planning the changes he could make in neglected Hucksditch. He had no doubt Reff Steen would permit him to have his way there. The old man liked him. It would be madness to refuse.

Luckily he'd never said anything to his father and mother . . . or anyone . . . about Nora so that was all right. But if Nora had told anyone that might make it awkward.

Now that he came to think of it she could look after herself. And this Vashti was pretty.

He'd had time to note that in the brief glimpse he'd had of her when she arrived by train. Prettier than Nora and with softer eyes. He wondered when he'd tell Nora . . . to-night, perhaps to-morrow. If the banns were to be called on Sunday he couldn't delay too long.

He needn't have been perturbed. Nora had been watching for him from the Dandaloo pharmacy. She'd seen Reff Steen ride away from the Bates' home and guessed Charlie would be along.

When he came she had fighting eyes. "Well Charlie?"

"Oh, hello, Nora."

His embarrassment confirmed what she'd supposed. "What did old Steen want?" she asked bluntly, and as he hesitated, "You don't have to stand there stuttering. Has it anything to do with that girl?"

"Well . . ."

"Don't tell me he wants you to marry her?"

He was astonished that she should know. She was a little astonished herself, but Steen had never kept it a secret that he wished he had a son to carry on Pelvernon.

Now his niece had turned up he'd want her married to the best man he could get hold of, and, from his point of view, that was Charlie Bates. He'd made no secret of that either. She'd heard him say, "I wish I had a son who'd work like young Bates."

Bates was in a flounder of ex-

planation, but she cut short his embarrassed excuses. "You're a man . . . or are you? I'm beginning to wonder. I think I'm glad this happened. But I'm sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?"

"You ought to know Reff Steen. You'll manage just as much as he wants you to. When you get settled out there you should poison Steen off, Charl, then you'd be able to do what you liked with Pelvernon."

"Don't talk that way, Nora," he said. "Besides I'm not going to take charge of Hucksditch."

"You're crazy. That's Garvie's."

He realised, too late, that he'd broken a confidence. "Steen's bought it," he told her. "Through

the bank. Garvie doesn't know yet, so you mustn't tell him."

"Don't you say mustn't to me," she said heatedly, and spied Garvie's dog-cart in a little cloud of dust at the other end of the street. "I'm going to speak to Steve, anyway."

"Well, good-bye, Nora," he said awkwardly. "I'm sorry . . . but I've got no say. He . . . Steen's going to see his lawyer to-morrow. Vashti'll get everything. You can see how it is."

With apprehension he went on: "They're going to call the banns on Sunday. You won't make any bother, will you?"

"Bother about you?" she said, with a toss of her head. "You needn't worry, little man. But I'll go along to the church to see the bride . . . just to make you uncomfortable."

It was lucky, she was thinking, that she hadn't said anything to anybody about his proposal. She'd been tempted, but the thought of Garvie had restrained her.

There'd been rumors about how badly Hucksditch was going. Perhaps if he went broke he'd want sympathy, and she'd be there to hold his hand.

Garvie had seen her and pulled his horse up sharply, and she called with emphasised welcome: "Why . . . hello, Stevie boy."

Garvie was out of the dog-cart at once and holding her hands. "Nora, darlin'," he said, acting. "Sure 'tis a sight for sore eyes, ye are." He gestured towards Charlie Bates, who was hurrying off. "To whose funeral is he takin' his long face?"

She said maliciously: "You're speaking of the new master of Hucksditch."

"Eh?"

"Didn't you know, Steve? Every-one else will soon. The bank's sold you up to Reff Steen."

"Well," he said, momentarily disconcerted, "I'd been expecting it, but I thought bad news came more formally. And Charlie Bates is to manage the place!" He sighed elab-

orately. "I guess he'll make a better fist of it than I have. It'll be nice for you, my dear."

"For me?"

"I thought you and Charlie were pretty thick."

"If you want it straight," she said, angrily, "I haven't ever kissed him."

"Well, I have it over him there," he said, complacently.

She went on: "Reff Steen's got it all fixed. He's going to marry Charlie to that niece of his he brought back. The banns are to be called on Sunday . . . Why, what's the matter?"

She'd startled him again, but he pulled himself together quickly. "Why, nothing, Nora. It's just that it's breathtaking the way Mr. Steen fixes up people's futures."

"I'd like to poison the old devil."

"Great minds think alike, Nora, darling. That's almost what I said to Sergeant Ben Lake the other morning." He laughed. "I wonder what Vashti thinks about it all."

"Vashti!" She looked at him keenly. It had escaped her memory that he had travelled in the train with Steen's niece. Knowing her Steve, she guessed he hadn't let any grass grow under his feet. But with a glow of satisfaction she reflected that the old man would never accept him as a nephew-in-law.

"I forgot you'd met her," she said. "I should think this would be the funniest wedding ever."

He laughed, then added, "But Vashti isn't a bit like you think."

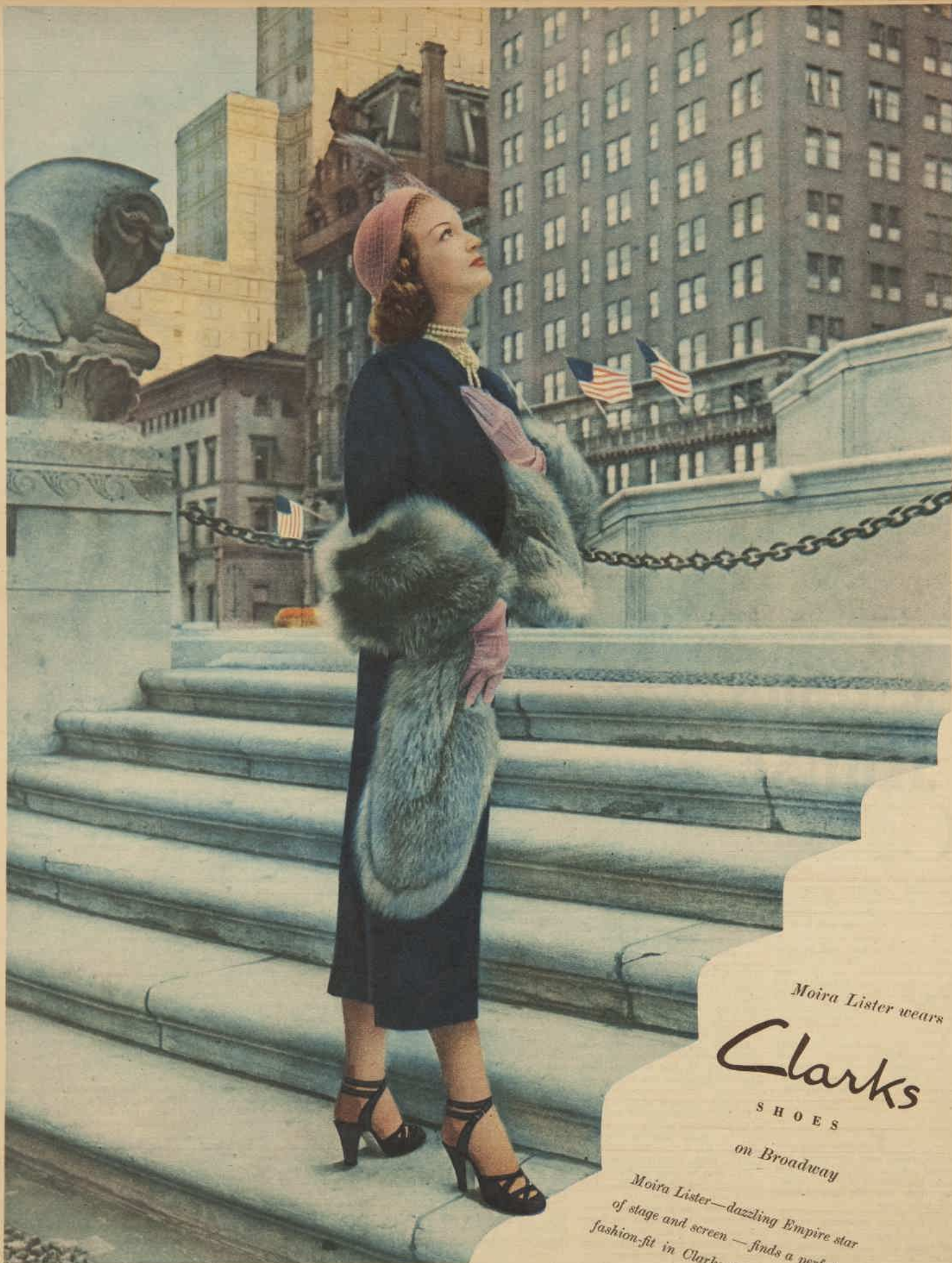
"Isn't she?" she asked, sullenly. "Steen's fixing a new will to-morrow. I bet she'd put up with a lot of Charlie for the sake of Pelvernon . . . and Hucksditch." She was watching him narrowly as she inquired, "Would you marry her?"

"To-morrow, if I had the chance," he said with enthusiasm. "You could be bridesmaid."

"I'd sooner be her pall-bearer," she said vindictively. "Steve . . . why wasn't I born rich?"

"All the wrong people get the right money," he said sententiously. "D'you think you could bear to drink with a bankrupt?"

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A FOG was rolling in from the ocean, obscuring the edges of the night. Derek knew the road so well it was no effort to drive, but his eyes were narrowed with strain and his fingers played nervously with the wheel.

It was, in its way, a most beautiful evening. The fog moved over the hedges and the wide green lawns and dripped from leaf to leaf of the old trees.

It should have been a perfect evening, but it was not. In the first place, Joan was not sitting where she belonged, next to him, her curved, upturned profile framed in the open window, and her smooth light hair blown back in the wind.

And in the second place, and even more disturbing, was the quarrel. They had really quarrelled, so that Joan had refused to come with him and, at the end, he had walked out of the house without even saying good-bye.

He had known Joan all his life: built castles on the beach with her when they were little, taught her how to sail his boat, and later, when she was tall and curved and very wise, he had escorted her to dances.

It had always been Derek and Joan. People said their names together, and it sounded right. They had been secretly engaged when they were very young, and then they had announced it. And this was the first real quarrel—fight, you may call it—that they had ever had.

Joan's parents had left them, and they were sitting on the verandah, drinking coffee. The light had faded over the seawall, and the first sweet star was out. He had been about to suggest that they go for a swim, when Joan brought up the matter of the house.

"It belonged to Mrs. Loomis," she said. "You remember, don't you? It's quite big, but I think we can manage, and it's only a step from the surf club, so we can swim every afternoon."

Derek knew the house and had expressed admiration for it, although secretly he disliked its exaggerated Tudor style.

"Dad and I went over there this morning, and I knew it was our place the minute I saw it," Joan's wide grey eyes were sparked with enthusiasm.

"Joan," he had said, "look here—you know I thought we should go slow about this—start out with something very much simpler. My plans are still rather indefinite..."

Even in the dim light he could see her small jaw harden. She had taken the whole thing so much for granted. It was, of course, part of a way of life they both had been brought up to expect. When he had first told Joan that he intended to study law instead of continuing to work in her father's firm, she had pleaded petulantly. Now she had become bitter about it.

She leaned back in her chair and eyed him narrowly. "You mean to say you're determined to go on studying?"

He nodded. "And what am I supposed to do? Scrub floors while you chase this dream of yours?"

The words stung. "I trust it won't be necessary for long," he said.

"Stop being sarcastic," she snapped. "After all, you'll have responsibilities."

Now Derek slowed the car and groaned. He wanted Joan. She was beautiful; she was charming. A man would be a fool not to want her.

"But here I am," he thought, "on an enchanted night, headed back to town, to my stifling one-room-bath-and-kitchenette, and my law books and my own lonely plans."

Somehow, in the dark, he had turned off the main road too soon. He realised, not without pleasure, that this was the street where the Berrifields lived. Derek smiled. Maybe

ONLY *Two* PEOPLE

By NANCY CARDOZO

they could tell him what to do. Jack Berrifield was an old friend of his.

He had wanted to be a writer, but he had married the Allan girl, pretty ash-blonde Daisy, with her dimples, and now he was selling real estate in a big way, and the great novel was still to be written. One had to make compromises, thought Derek.

He parked the car on the gravelled drive. A light was shining in the lounge-room. Derek eased his big body out of the car, and stood for a moment, looking up at the window under the eaves and the branches of the trees that surrounded the house.

"It looks like peace," he thought. "A man could live his time out in a house like this."

He rattled the knocker.

"Hello," a woman's voice called from inside. "Just a minute." Derek squared his shoulders, as if preparing to face an important event. There were quick footsteps in the hall, and the door opened. But it was not Daisy.

This girl was very tall and slender. Her hair was pulled back and tied with a blue ribbon. Her eyes were surprisingly blue.

"They're out," she said. "I'm the baby-sitter."

He took off his hat. "I'm Derek Linton." If she lived in the district she should know the name. But she didn't look at all familiar. Then he realised what she had said. "Baby-sitter? I didn't know they had a baby!"

"Indeed they have." Her voice was deep and amused. "But he's very new."

They stood on opposite sides of the threshold, surveying each other. There was a long pause. Derek creased his hat and started to put it on again. But the girl opened the door wider.

"Why don't you come in and wait?" she said. "They should be back soon. They just went out for dinner."

The lounge-room was a bit too crowded with furniture, but comfortable. The girl sat down in an armchair. There was a pile of books on the coffee-table beside her, and she picked up one that was open and began to read. The lamplight shone on her hair and shadowed her face delicately. She seemed to have forgotten him.

Derek wandered around the room. On the top of the desk was a tennis trophy Jack had won at school. Above it hung a photo of the team. Derek saw himself, long-legged, his light hair cut short and square. He wondered if the girl would have recognised him from that picture. Surely, baby-sitters must study the pictures on the walls. But no, this girl didn't

look as if she would do that. She was much too engrossed in her book.

He looked at her again, admiringly.

"Why don't you sit down?" she said, without looking up, as if she knew perfectly well that she was being appraised. "Make yourself comfortable. There are some magazines over by the sofa."

He cleared his throat. "What are you reading?"

She held up the book so he could see: "Psychosomatic Medicine."

"Isn't that pretty ambitious?"

"It's part of my medical course."

"That sounds even more ambitious. Where does baby-sitting fit in?"

"It helps pay my way, of course." She looked at him reproachfully under long black lashes. "And then, too, it keeps me quiet in the evenings. I get a lot of studying done this way."

"I see your point," he said.

The girl opened her book again.

"Is he a good baby?" he asked quickly.

"An angel. I get more work done here than any other place I sit."

Please turn to page 38



"Are you really engaged?" Kathy asked, anxiously.

Glamour in the Sun!



Here they are! The beach coats you've been waiting to see... newly created in Pacific SUPERTEX chenille! Sketched on America's smartest beaches they are as gay as a holiday in Mexico... as glamorous as only man-cut swaggers can be!



And best of all they keep their sun-smart lines and candy freshness season after season. Just tub them occasionally with your beach towels and... presto! they're as good as new! See them when selecting your new swimsuit... but make sure they carry the famous SUPERTEX oval... it's your guarantee of the best in chenille...

PACIFIC CHENILLE-CRAFT LTD., HOLLYWOOD, SYDNEY, GOULBURN, NEWCASTLE, YASS

C40-7200

MY mother's hands are not pretty. Her fingernails are short and all her fingers are different shapes. "That means I'm good at everything," she said once when she was trying to fix her nails. "And those crooked little fingers, that means an artistic temperament."

"Really," Paul said, and he looked at his hands. "What does it mean that my fingers are so big where they bend?"

"Mine are, too," Mother said. "That means we're philosophers. It means we understand people and are satisfied with our lot. It means we're generous and silent and strong. And that long crooked little finger," she said, "that means influence with people and mental power."

"Does it really?" I asked, looking at my fingers.

"Of course it does," Mother said. "I wouldn't have this fine character if I didn't have hands like this. But," she said, and she pushed her hands into a bowl of stuff she was soaking them in, "I sometimes think I could do with less character."

"Hear! Hear!" Father said. "And do you notice that blue coloring in the creases of Mother's hands?"

"Let's see," Paul said.

I went and looked, too. Sure enough, they were blue!

"Do you know what that means?" Father said. "That means influence with me. It means grape jam."

Mother looked at Father and laughed. "That's right," she said. "Grape jam and gloves, I'm afraid, at to-morrow's dance."

Mother always laughs about her hands, but I think she really minds them not being pretty. Because she keeps trying to make them different, like pushing down the skin around the nails when she has time and soaking them in stuff and trying to make them better.

I don't mean I don't like Mother's hands. Hands are for doing things, and Mother's hands can do about everything, and they're cool when your head is hot and warm when



She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, elegant to her fingertips.

Telltale Hands

your hands are cold. But they're not pretty.

And I think that was really why she didn't like the lady.

It was one night after dinner and Father looked up from the paper and said, "Do you remember Ray Smith?"

"Of course I do," Mother said. She was darned socks. "Of course I do," she said. "He married Helen Gleason."

"They're coming to live here," Father said.

"Helen Gleason!" Mother said, and she stopped darned socks and stared at nothing on the other side of the room.

"She had more clothes than any other six girls put together," Mother said. "I can remember a yellow velvet evening-dress that was out of this world. You know she was one girl who could wear any color. We used to think she did something to her hair to make it gleam so."

"Did she?" I said.

"I doubt it," Mother said, starting to darn socks again. "It was probably just wonderful care. She used to have it washed every fifth day—in a beauty parlor. That was before I had ever seen the inside of one. She even had manicures. Her fingernails were long and narrow, and moons in every one."

"They're coming on Saturday week, I understand," Father put in. "I can close my eyes and just see

her in some of those clothes, even now," Mother went on. "There was a powder-blue wool dress that somehow made her cheeks look pinker. Her eyes were blue and she had gorgeous long, black eyelashes, and beautiful hands. You know, long white fingers, and she was so graceful with them. Hands always tell a lot," she said. "You can tell a lot about people by their hands."

Paul had stopped playing with his cars and was standing looking at Mother. "I bet she was your very best friend," he said.

"What?" Mother said, looking away from the other side of the room and looking at Paul.

"I said she must have been your very best friend," Paul said.

Mother laughed. "She was a very beautiful girl," she said, starting to fill up a hole in another sock. "I admired her very much. What brought her up, anyway?" Mother said. "I wonder where she is now."

"Where she is?" Father said. "She's coming here, of course."

"Coming?" Mother said, looking at Father as if he had just come in. "Where?"

"Here," Father said. "To live."

"Here!" Mother said. "Here! You mean here?"

"Of course I mean here," Father said. "That's what 'here' means. Here."

"Well, my goodness," Mother

said. "For heaven's sake, tell me about it. You never tell me anything. Here I am alone all day with no one to talk to and you come home in the evening and stick your nose in the paper. You know what I think? There would be less divorce if men would talk to their wives in the evening."

"Oh, my goodness," Father said. "A-b-c-d-e-f-g."

"What?" Mother said.

"And also h-i-j-k-l-m-n-o-p." Father said. "The last thing we want is a divorce, I'm sure. From such a good cook. Q-r-s-t-u-v-w."

By VAL TEAL

Bewildered, Mother started at Father.

"Have you lost your mind?" she said.

"Yes," Father said, "and a very pleasant sensation it is. It seems to get me lots of attention from my wife. It does not matter what I say, does it? Just so long as I talk?"

"The man's crazy," Mother said. "Talk sense!" she said.

"All right," Father said. "We will try again. Let us start from the beginning." Father took a great big breath. "As I was saying," he said, "when you so rudely interrupted with all that vulgar talk about Helen Gleason's clothes, Ray Smith and his wife, the beautiful

Helen, are being transferred. Here."

"For heaven's sake!" Mother said. "Why didn't you tell me? When?"

"To repeat my second statement," Father said, "Saturday week."

"For heaven's sake!" Mother said. "Go on."

"With some slight encouragement, I will," Father said. "Ray is getting Mr. Roody's job."

"Is that good?" Mother said.

"Certainly it's good," Father said. "All the jobs in my company are good. I think it would be very nice to have them over. Ray is a nice bloke. I always liked him. They won't know anyone. Be nice to have them over for dinner or something. If it isn't too much work."

"Me?" Mother said. "Have them over for dinner? They haven't any children, have they?"

"No," Father said. "They haven't any children."

Mother was staring across the room again. She didn't say anything.

"Oh, well," Father said, reading the paper again, "I just thought it might be nice."

The next day Mother started doing things to the house. She washed curtains and windows. She got new curtains for her room. She got a lot of material and made a cover for the chair in her room.

She washed the floors upstairs and waxed them. Every time you came into the house she was polishing something, furniture and silver and copper things. It smelled like wax and polish all the time.

"Now stay out of that room," she would say to me and Paul. "I want to keep it clean."

"Are you going to have a party to-morrow?" Paul asked her.

"Of course she is, dope," I told him. "For that special woman that's moving here."

"She's not any more special than any of my friends," Mother said. "And I'm not having a party to-morrow."

"Then why are you doing all this?" I said.

"You have to clean the house," Mother said.

"The advertisements say you can put it on in a couple of hours and it dries right away," Mother said to Father one night. "Anybody can do it."

"Put what on?" Father said.

"That new paint," Mother said.

"I'll show you a picture of it. The salesman said it would take about a gallon for that room. And there's a special brush to put it on with. I got one. I'll show you. It just rolls on."

"I imagine," Father said.

"What color do you think would be good?" Mother said.

"What colors have they got?"

Father said.

"Here they are," Mother said, and she gave him one of those things with little pieces of color on them.

"I think the peach is pretty," Father said.

"You do!" Mother said. "The peach!"

"It looks good to me," Father said. "Where were you thinking of putting it?"

Please turn to page 40

It's New in New York!



NOW...

Crest
THE NEW HOME PERMANENT WAVE
Full Kit WITH EXCLUSIVE PLASTIC CURLERS
AND EASY DIRECTIONS FOR HOME USE

* Associate product in America called "RAYVE"

TOP BEAUTY SECRET FOR YOU!

Crest...the latest home permanent wave

Yes! Crest Home Permanent Cold Wave hits the Australian market at the same time as its sister product bursts upon the American scene! You can have this top glamour-giver simultaneously with American women in New York . . . Hollywood . . . San Francisco. That's how new Crest is! The latest and greatest of all Home Permanents, here to give you natural-looking waves and curls, permed in your own home in your own time. With ease! Comfort! Economy!

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A professional permanent wave costs anything up to £3/3/- for a full head . . . Now you can have a ravishing Crest Wave for 17/6 the first perm and 10/- ever after (by buying refills).

Even better, try the **Crest Pair Plan**. Get together with a friend, buy one Crest Full Kit

at 17/6 and one Crest Refill at 10/-, work together, share the cost . . . you'll each get your first Crest perm for only 13/9. And remember! A Crest Wave lasts as long as the most expensive salon perm.

SAVE TIME WITH CREST, so simple, so safe

You do it at home with two easy-to-use lotions—the Creme Waving Lotion *forms* the wave—the Finishing Lotion makes it *permanent*. There's no heat, no heavy equipment. And while Crest is "taking" you can move about the house as usual. Crest is absolutely safe, too. So gentle that it can be used on children's hair.

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Enchanting Contrast

THREE evening gowns by leading designers show that styles are so varied this season there is something to suit all tastes. These gowns are from our 1949 Paris Fashion Parades.

● Extremely sophisticated is the Molyneux taffeta gown with matching hat, at right. Its newest feature is the two-length over-skirt.



● Very popular summer dance style, especially with the teenagers, is the strapless, ankle-length linen or cotton. It is interpreted here by Bruyere, who uses printed linen and elaborates the gown by outlining pattern with sequins.

●

● Nina Ricci makes an elaborate, high-style ball gown out of tulle, giving it a voluminous skirt, finely pleated and accented with narrow rolls of satin forming bands. Sweeping satin cloak is of same toning.



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since I changed to Innox

The beauty of a radiantly lovely complexion — this is every woman's cherished dream. Hard to achieve you think? Not when you discover the exquisite preparations by Innox. For here are beauty preparations created on an entirely different principle, by the world-famous skin specialist, Dr. Francois Debat. Knowing that "skin health" is the only real foundation of skin beauty, each Innox preparation is skilfully designed to give you the flawless glowing beauty of naturally healthy skin. "Loveliness that lasts a lifetime" — is the natural reward of regular beauty care with specialised preparations by Innox.

A CHALLENGE to every woman over thirty

Youth CAN be recalled to older skins with Vitormone Cream, by Innox of London. This wonderful cream actually rejuvenates the cells of the skin; banishes wrinkles, tiny lines and restores the precious tone of youth to a "tired" skin. Over thirty—over forty—does not mean the end of beauty. For Innox Vitormone Cream can truly banish the years—make you the attractive woman you want to be.



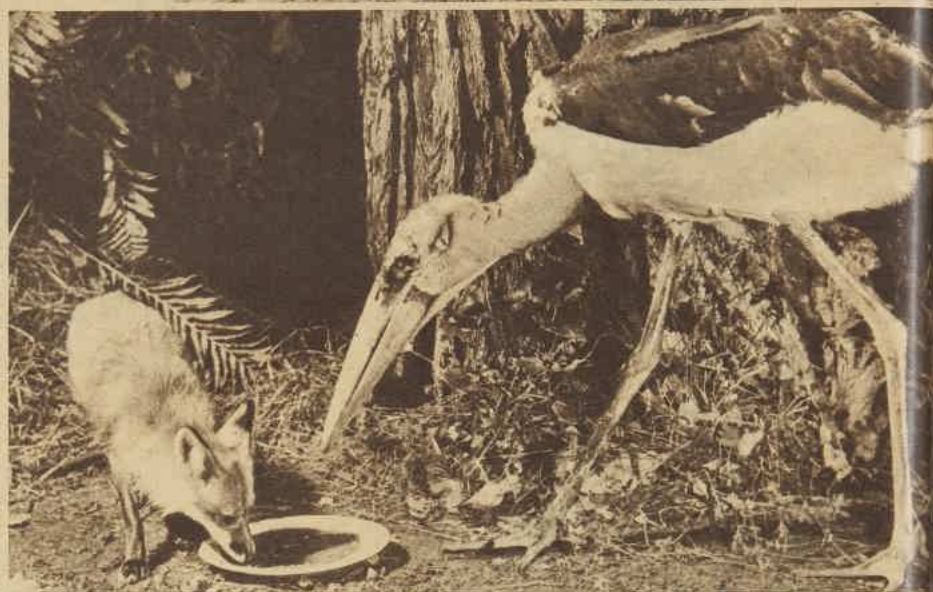
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Obtainable from selected retail stores and leading chemists throughout Australia, including

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FILM FABLE:
Incident from
"The Hare and
the Tortoise,"
based on the
Aesop story. After
outstripping the
dog one day, hare
boasts about how
fast he can run.



A BAD HOST.
Having invited
the stork to
dinner, the fox
serves thin soup
in shallow dish,
which the hungry
stork cannot drink
because of his
very long beak.

RETURNING the
invitation, the
stork is avenged
when the fox
cannot eat the
meal served in
the long-necked
jar. The films
are produced for
use in schools.





THE HARE is so confident that he is going to win the race that he takes time out for a nap, and the slow but plodding tortoise, star of the film, moves ahead. All actors in these films, produced by Encyclopaedia Britannica Inc., are animals, and production requires infinite patience.

Animals act in Aesop's fables



FLATTERING the crow to get the cheese in her mouth, the fox tells her that she sings beautifully. The bird opens her beak to warble, and the cheese drops out.

A NATURAL COMEDIAN, because he is curious, the raccoon goes so far as to occupy photographer-author Lynwood M. Chace's chair in the studio.



Stars of Woodland Studio

ANIMALS which star in films, including the wild creatures which appear in Encyclopaedia Britannica's Aesop films, must be as well groomed as their human counterparts of the screen.

They must look trim and alert, with no help from the make-up man, though their fur may be groomed.

Diet, the bugbear of most actors, is important, because on a wrong diet the animal stars would have lack-lustre coats and eyes, and they don't have a make-up man to help them.

A leading player in Aesop films, the fox, is kept on beef liver, lamb kidneys, beef, and dog biscuits taken alternately. Fox has a leading role in many of the fables.

Photographer-author Lynwood M. Chace studies all the animals used in the films so that he can work their natural characteristics into the story.

The studio is a section of woodland, and new "actors" are released from their cages and allowed to become thoroughly familiar with its layout before they are trained for their parts in school films.



Tales told by Greek slave in 600 B.C. still point a moral

JUDGE. Never taking his eyes from finishing line, the great horned owl, a most dependable actor, doesn't even blink as tortoise finishes just ahead of hare. Once in position, the owl didn't move.



HIGH-SPEED FLASH got this picture at 1/10,000 of a second in "The Fox and the Grapes." The fox didn't really want the grapes. He was interested in piece of liver hidden behind bunch.

KAYSER takes your favourite fairytale,
makes your favourite gown for dreaming—



Recreated in colours as delicate
as Sleeping Beauty's own wild sweet briar roses
on the utterly enchanting, magically washable new Kayser
Dreamgown. Blue and Rose. S.W., W., 39/11. O.S., 43/6.

IN *'Celanese'* JERSEY



● Ruffles of net fall over a crinoline and form an elongated, fully ruffled train. The bodice has a high net yoke and ruffles over a satin midriff band.

SUMMER WEDDING

● Cool filmy frocks are perfect for the summer bride and her attendants, and New York designers use cotton lace, net, organdie, and marquisette in these charming styles.



● Marquisette and frothy lace are combined in a classic gown with long, tight sleeves. The lace is used to form a high yoke and a peplum, full at hips, cut away in front to give good line.

● Double collar framing the low neckline is new and flattering on a bridesmaid's pink organdie frock, with cap sleeves and a skirt with one tuck and bows of same fabric as frock.



● Cotton lace over an underslip of satin or the finest lawn makes a simple, elegant bridal-gown, specially suitable for the very young. Elbow-length lace mittens are effective and cooler than gloves.



You can't do without this

Adelyn

sun suit!

Summer's newest excitement—the 2-piece printed cotton sun suit with the famous Adelyn cut, fit, and finish. A lovable sun dress with elastic shirred top, and brief low-buttoned bolero to cover up bare shoulders for dressy occasions. It looks big money... it costs as little as 43/-.



See them at fashion stores in all States.

Ask a Man

He'll find you
irresistible with
Cashmere Bouquet
Colourfast
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Rouge to match each colour



LIPSTICK: LARGE 2/10, SMALL 2/- COMPACT ROUGE: LARGE 2/6, SMALL 2/3

Cashmere Bouquet COLOURFAST LIPSTICK & ROUGE

He wants you to look your loveliest always, to be the very essence of beguiling charm, and finds you irresistible when your lips glow with the silken sheen of Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick. Its glorious, glowing shades highlight all your appealing prettiness, its new, improved, creamy texture keeps your lips dewy soft. Oh, yes, ask a man!—and see his approval of your lovely Cashmere Bouquet lips, reflected in his eyes!

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With the fragrance men love

CC11/708

Lively stock exchange scenes follow devaluation

Tradition rules all procedure
in financial holy of holies

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Hectic activity reminiscent of pre-war booms marked the first Call on the Stock Exchanges of the world following the announcement of devaluation of sterling.

The old-fashioned Call Room of Sydney's Stock Exchange, with its air of austerity and conservatism, and its faded photographs of moustached and bearded deceased members, was the scene of spectacular bidding that sent gold shares up as much as 50 per cent.

LIKE all Stock Exchanges, Sydney's 'Change is hardly known to the public, who regard it as a sort of super-conservative club peopled by elderly members who puff expensive cigars and arrive by chauffeur-driven limousines.

Admittedly many 'Change members are elderly (often because they are waiting for sons or grandsons to take their places), but they arrive on foot, and don't as a rule smoke cigars.

But the Stock Exchange is considerably harder to get into than even the most "old school tie" club.

Though in recent years the election of a number of young members to the Exchange and its committee has done something to relieve the austere atmosphere of the organisation, no woman has yet dared to suggest herself as a broker.

In fact, until the war (regretted for the shocking changes it brought about by some of the older members), no woman had ever been inside the Call Room.

The girl messengers who now walk up and down the aisles during Call, delivering offers from one broker to another, were introduced during the wartime manpower shortage.

A member of the public may obtain from the Exchange, without charge or obligation, information on a company's affairs, but is allowed admittance to only the Outer Vestibule.

Before a new member is elected, his credentials are subjected to a searching scrutiny, and he has to be proposed and seconded by men who are already members. His election then comes before the Committee.

Each new member must sign the Rules of the Exchange, binding

himself to its strict code of ethics. Members are not allowed to smoke during Call, or to lend their names in any way to the advertisement of their firms.

At the moment Sydney Stock Exchange has 110 members, who represent about 60 stockbroking firms.

It is governed by a chairman, vice-chairman, and committee of eight, who have full control over all funds and activities. Office-bearers are elected for one year by members at an annual meeting.

The present chairman is now serving his ninth consecutive term.

To qualify for membership a broker must be over 21 years of age. But once a member of the Exchange, he can remain so indefinitely.

Only death, retirement, resignation, or expulsion can bring about a change of membership.

The first sharebroker in Sydney was William Barton, father of Sir Edmund Barton, Australia's first Prime Minister.

Early history

THE forerunner of the present Stock Exchange was founded in 1871 by ten sharebrokers, who formed themselves into an association called Associated Brokers. The code of rules they adopted forms the basis of to-day's Exchange laws.

The next year Associated Brokers was disbanded, and the Sydney Stock Exchange was formed. It took the infant Exchange some years to get on its feet, and it wasn't until the boom of the '80's that it became firmly established.

After the financial crisis of 1892-3 had been weathered successfully, it was decided at the turn of the century to build a new Exchange, and in 1901 the present Pitt Street Stock Exchange was opened for business.

In this country all Stock Ex-



CLAIMING TO HAVE BEEN IN BID. Data has asked for clarification of last sale, been bidding making it impossible to be sure of the last offer. When the market is brisk, brokers must make split-second calculations involving hundreds and sometimes thousands of pounds.

changes adopt a system known as "The Calling of the List." About 400 investments and 170 mining companies, as well as Commonwealth bonds, loans, and company debentures, are "Called" twice daily, at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., each day from Monday to Friday.

A different procedure is used in London, the U.S.A., and other countries, where the full list of securities is too long for this calling.

In the Call Room the average Call lasts for 90 minutes. During the boom markets of the mid-thirties, following the depression, Calls sometimes lasted for two to two and a half hours.

Each Call is opened and closed by the Chairman tapping on the desk in front of him with a gavel.

In the Call Room a member or an authorised clerk over 21 represents each member firm. They sit at desks arranged in tiers facing the dais occupied by the Chairman with his Caller and Recorder of Prices on his right and the Recorder of Sales on his left.

Grouped in classifications, the securities are called over in their order, the normally silent room becoming the scene of intense animation as brokers call out loudly the prices at which they are prepared to buy or sell.

Sales are recorded as they take place, and when the list is finished they are read out and entered in the Sales Book, from which there is no appeal.

In the Exchange's Downstairs Vestibule (closed to the public, like the Call Room) brokers can meet before and after each Call, and transact business. The Exchange has its own telegraph office to handle urgent wires.

Any company applying to be officially listed on 'Change must submit copies of its prospectus, share scrip, balance-sheets, articles of association, and agreements to the Exchange Secretary, who examines them and sends them to members for further scrutiny.

As well as these, it must lodge a list of its shareholders, so that its voting power can be seen not to be held by a few persons.

The Exchange lists only public companies, not private or proprietary ones. There must be enough shareholders to establish a free market.

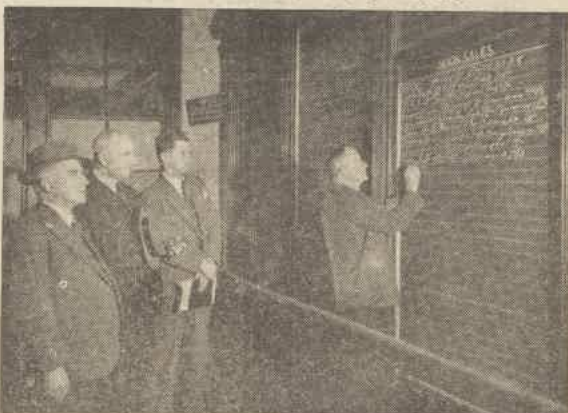
Like most institutions of a highly specialised nature, the Exchange has its own terminology.

A man who buys in expectation of a rise, when he will be able to sell at a profit, is known in Exchange parlance as a "bull." He's known as a "stale bull" if he holds on too long and misses his chance.

A "bear" sells, expecting prices to fall. When they do, he will buy the same stock back at a profit.



CHEQUE SETTLEMENT. Each afternoon at 2.30 girls from brokers' offices line up alphabetically in the vestibule of the Stock Exchange to deliver their firms' cheques to representatives of the stockbrokers from whom shares were bought the previous day.



PUBLIC watch sales being marked up. During course of morning and afternoon Call, latest information is sent by messenger from Call Room to this Outer Vestibule, beyond which public may not go.



DURING CALL, authorised clerk (rules say he must be over 21) hands note to girl messenger, who will deliver it to another firm's broker or representative. Probably it contains offer for shares.



STOCK EXCHANGE Chairman, flanked by the Caller and Recorder of Prices and the Recorder of Sales, sits on dais facing Room during Call. Each Call is opened and closed by Chairman knocking with gavel. Average Call lasts an hour and a half.

Editorial

OCTOBER 8, 1949

FEAST AND FAMINE

LORD BRUCE, the former Australian Prime Minister who is now independent chairman of the U.N.O. Food and Agricultural Organisation, is anxious to stir public interest in the world's food problems.

He says farm surpluses are now appearing in dollar areas while great need and the desire to buy exist in dollar-short areas.

This is likely to be true in many other fields as well, but when it applies to food the fantastic folly of human disorganisation is seen most clearly.

People may feel wistful to know that there are too many motor cars or nylon stockings in dollar areas.

But to realise that beef production might be deliberately cut in Texas while British people long for steak, and wheat burnt in Winnipeg while Indians starve for bread, arouses a feeling stronger than wistfulness.

It suggests that the human race is incapable of learning quickly enough to save its own skin, that the melancholy progression of famine, feast, and war is its only way of blundering on.

Australians well remember the depression years when vegetable growers ploughed in their crops while children developed rickets for lack of greens.

Is this about to happen again?

The confusion that has followed devaluation makes it clear that such tinkering does nothing to solve the essential problem of distributing the world's goods.

When there is enough food for everybody, it must be within the power of the human brain to find some way of sharing it out.

Until a way is found, all other human effort is futile.

ELIZA LYNCH: Paris to Paraguay

PERHAPS never in history has the first meeting between a man and a woman destined to become lovers of world notoriety been so coldly calculated an affair as that in Paris between Irishwoman Eliza Lynch and Francisco Lopez, son and heir of the President of Paraguay.

In the fragrant and softly carpeted boudoir of the Paris house provided by her Russian protector, Eliza went about the making of her elaborate Second Empire toilette with one thought in mind:

The uncouth barbarian Francisco Lopez, at whose extravagances and strutting all Paris was laughing, must be made to succumb to her beauty. She had won the first trial of strength in insisting that he come to her for approval.

Her pride as an Irishwoman and a European sophisticate demanded that it should always be the violent uncouth Paraguayan who must seek her approval, never she his.

So through the most bloody and turbulent period in Paraguayan history that they shared together, it always was.

In the year 1854 beautiful, impetuous Eliza Lynch was 19, and in the strange position of being married and yet not married.

When 15 she had met in Dublin a dashing young French Army officer, Xavier Quatrefages, and eloped with him. At first, in Paris, they had been wildly happy.

Then Xavier was transferred to Algeria, taking Eliza with him.

With Xavier his career came first. His Colonel became infatuated with Eliza. Xavier was not the man to risk displeasing his senior officer. He found a loophole in French marriage laws that left him a free man while Eliza was still legally married.

The Catholic Church and the laws of Great Britain recognised the marriage, but France did not recognise the legality of the marriage of a French subject who had failed to comply with the forms and notices of the banns.

It was at this critical point in her career that Eliza met — history does not record how — her titled Russian, Michael. Within a fortnight he had duelled with the Colonel and fatally wounded him.

Michael and Eliza returned to Paris. The unconventional daughter of a long line of distinguished sailors (four of whom had fought under Nelson), soldiers, and churchmen allowed the charming Russian to establish her in a rented house.

She did not love Michael, according to biographers. Quatrefages had her love and her dreams. To Michael she brought gratitude, striking beauty, youth, and a wounded heart.

He supplied her with servants, fashionable gowns, jewels, horses, and carriages, all the elegant, expensive trappings of the gay Second Empire. She might have held their provider for years or for months. Eliza never pretended to herself that she would hold Michael always.

The end of her affair with him was hastened by the approach of war between France and Russia.

The French classed her as an associate of the enemy, Dublin was closed to her, the Algiers scandal was still at her heels, she had no money of her own.

Her looks and her brains were Eliza Lynch's only assets.

Meanwhile Francisco Lopez, arrogant, uncertain, humiliated by his recent meeting with the disdainful Napoleon the Third, failing wretchedly to impress the cultivated French, was in a bad mood.

His aide, Brizuela, decided that a beautiful woman might provide a suitable diversion. He had met Eliza Lynch, whom he knew to be beautiful and "available."

It was then that Madame Lynch, playing her cards shrewdly, agreed to meet Lopez, but stipulated that he must visit her.

It is said that she won him during the first fifteen minutes of their meeting, shaming him into sheepishly taking from the table the bulging money bag he had thrown on it in barbaric directness, putting him in his place by murmuring icily, "Tell me of Paraguay" when he attempted to take her into his arms.

Despite the protests of his brother Benigno, who was travelling with him, that their father the Paraguayan President would frown at his heir's open alliance with a "foreigner," Francisco and Eliza spent two years in Europe before setting sail for Paraguay.

As Benigno had prophesied, the President, mulish, self-satisfied, pompous since his rise to power from total obscurity, did not welcome his son's mistress. In fact, until the end of his life he continued to ignore her very existence.

Tragic, flamboyant life of an Irish adventuress

Soon after their arrival in Paraguay, Eliza had her first notable victory over Francisco. Finding that there were difficulties in the way of having their son christened in a church—because he was illegitimate—he had decided to have him christened in Eliza's house.

Eliza, convinced she had borne the son of South America's man of destiny, wanted him to be christened in a church. In arranging that he should be, she showed the independence, the flair for intrigue, and the ability to manipulate people that are remembered in history.

The frigid disapproval of the President towards the beautiful foreigner was echoed by the ladies of Paraguay's society, who refused to know her.

The scandalous stories circulated about Eliza knew no bounds. Did she not ride astride in mannish trousers and a parody of an officer's uniform? Was she not known to



ELIZA LYNCH, mistress of Francisco Lopez.

go to Buenos Aires on shopping expeditions unaccompanied?

The most deplorable tales were invented about her past: her exemplary though irregular life with Francisco was dragged through the mud.

Strongest in opposition to Eliza was the wife of the French consul. Hoping to bring about their meeting, Lopez arranged for her to be guest of honor on the occasion of an official river cruise, and Eliza the official hostess.

Madame Cochelet accepted, because she had to. But neither she nor any of her friends took the slightest notice of their hostess.

One of them is reputed to have said, with deliberate loudness, "It is an experience for a memoir, to have been the honored guest of an Irish courtesan."

The afternoon wore on. It was some hours since the ladies had eaten, much of the excursion had still to be completed. Eliza, head held high, her blue-grey eyes flashing, had her revenge.

She had the servants set out the elaborately equipped tea tables, and then, in full sight of her hungry guests, proceeded on orders to dump the piles of food into the river.

"And it shall be written in my memoirs," Eliza Lynch is supposed to have said, "that I refused to serve cats at my table."

Things were a little better after that. Madame had bested her social enemies. Paraguay laughed, and in laughing blunted its ladies' claws.

Eliza's house became the centre of attraction for those who were interested in the arts. The talk was cultivated and witty. Madame had sent to her from Paris the newest books and magazines.

Ignored by the President and all his family except Francisco, Eliza Lynch had become Paraguay's uncrowned queen.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Thus the years passed. Eliza, undimmed in radiance, still slim, became the mother of three sons.

She gave them her love, but they absorbed only a fraction of her unflagging vitality. "Nature had never," so a writer said, "designed her for a madonna role."

During this time, as in all her years in Paraguay, Eliza Lynch was almost without the friendship of her own sex. She fenced, she danced, she wore the most expensive and modish clothes—never, a historian says, the same ball gown twice.

Then the old President died. Francisco clutched total power and enormous riches into hot, unskilled hands. He and Eliza faced a future terrifying in its possibilities. Eliza was 27.

Francisco's dream of power in South America began to take shape. He began to plan conquest and intrigue with his neighbors. He had built up an enormous, finely equipped army and was itching to use it.

Possibly at this time Eliza had less influence over him than at any other. He announced to her quite blandly one day that he was going to marry Isabella, the daughter of the Emperor of Brazil, and strengthen his country's political ties.

He assured her that their relationship would, of course, continue.

Eliza was frightened and furious. She called him a pillow-soldier, a crawler through bedclothes to a throne. When the Brazilian Emperor failed to favor Lopez with as much as a reply to his proposal it was another triumph for Eliza.

Lopez, obsessed with his own idea of empire, threw himself anew into intrigues and military preparations. It was something wild and adventurous in him that had held Eliza. He had hurt her, and always would, but when the call to arms came she was beside him.

Francisco had plunged Paraguay into war against the triple alliance of Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay, and for the next four years, while it bled to death, was to earn himself and Eliza the names of tyrants, murderers, and heartless wasters of lives that are theirs in history.

Continued on page 23

DO YOU WANT A HOME?

See Wednesday's Classified Section in the

DAILY TELEGRAPH FOR REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESSES FOR SALE

Every Wednesday, commencing October 5, there will be a special Classified Section in the Daily Telegraph, featuring:

- REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESSES FOR SALE
- AUCTION SALES
- BUSINESSES FOR SALE OR WANTED
- FLATS TO LET OR WANTED TO RENT
- HOUSES AND LAND WANTED TO BUY OR SELL
- STATION AND COUNTRY PROPERTIES FOR SALE

These Classifications will be all found in the DAILY TELEGRAPH each Wednesday. Many bargains and choice investments are included in these comprehensive Classified Columns.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



RAINY DAY FOR WEDDING. Alexander Ferguson and his bride, formerly Dawn Proctor, leave St. Andrew's Church, Roseville, sheltered by huge umbrella. Bride is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Proctor, of Roseville. Bridegroom is radiographer at King George V Memorial Hospital.



JUST ENGAGED. Marigold Myer and fiance Ross Sheldermine at cocktail party given by Marigold's mother, Mrs. Sidney Baillieu Myer, at her home in Melbourne, to celebrate their engagement.



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Mrs. John Crace, of Newport, Mrs. Archie Robertson, Mrs. Tiny Parramore, and Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of Mull-Mill, Young, lunch at Prince's. Mrs. McFarlane will be matron of honor when Tiny marries Hal Bartlett, of Ellsabeth Bay, in November. Tiny is youngest daughter of Mrs. Bartlett, of Barrangong, Young, and late Mr. H. E. Bartlett, and widow of Gregory Parramore, of Tarcutta.



COMMITTEE WOMEN. Mrs. Russell Evans and Mrs. Douglas Davidson lunch together at Prince's to discuss "Un Ballo in Maschera," to be held at Trocadero on October 11. Aim of ball is to raise money for establishment of foundation fund for the New South Wales National Opera Association.

Intimate Gossipings

CURTAIN rises on Spring meeting with the Epsom at Randwick, lots of parties and gaiety as country people flock to Sydney and mingle with the "boys and girls of the village."

Ushering in race week festivities, "Naughty Nineties" dance gives everyone an opportunity of getting together and greeting old friends. In fact, atmosphere of ball-room at A.C.L. Building is like private home as most guests know each other. Should imagine Spastic Centre would benefit considerably by dance.

WONDERFUL clothes worn at races by Sydney's smartest matrons, who are given a close run by young sub-debs. and debs, whose copies of model clothes are sometimes hard to pick from originals.

Members of Macquarie Club invite their friends to late afternoon party at club after Epsom.

Sunday dawns at hiatus and grand opportunity of just putting the feet up and relaxing before starting off for busy week ahead and Randwick again for holiday meeting, the Metropolitan.

THIS Tuesday night glamor with a capital Hollywood G will be seen at the Trocadero when dancers arrive for THE yearly social event—the Black and White Ball. Mrs. Robert Morley will judge frocks with Countess de Balzo and Mrs. Mary Hordern.



LEADER of Opposition's son, Ken Menzies, and his attractive bride, formerly Marjorie Cooke, of Geelong, Victoria, leave St. George's Church, Geelong.



ATTENDED MED. BALL. Mrs. Harold Dew, the Deputy-Chancellor of University, Mr. Justice Roper, and Mrs. Justin Markell were guests at official table at annual University Medical Society Ball at Trocadero.



ARRANGING DANCE. Elizabeth Shepherd, Pat Jenkins, and Judith Leung, members of committee arranging Presbyterian Ladies' College (Goulburn) Old Girls' Ball, meet to discuss plans. Ball will be held at Pickwick Club next Tuesday, October 11.



YOUNG COUPLE. James Binnie and his bride, formerly Denise Levy, leave St. Stephen's, Bellevue Hill. Denise is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Levy, Bellevue Hill. James is only son of the James Binnies, of Waverley.

THE gay round goes on and on, and beautiful party at Australian Club will be revived this Wednesday for those who attend White Ball and Ladies' Day at Randwick. Lots of private parties, cocktails, dinners, and night-clubbing by Sydney's social set, and on Friday night Royal Sydney Golf Club will have late afternoon party for members and their friends. Randwick Plate this Saturday will see conclusion of Spring Meeting, and will have given opportunity for airing of all spring models.

ADMIRE cute little fob worn by Mrs. Venour Nathan when she lunches at Romano's with Cecile Dibbs, of Temora. Fob is a miniature beer mug brought back as gift for Mrs. Nathan by Mrs. John Nixon. Cecile, by the way, is guest of her sister, Mrs. Kenny Hunter Kerr, over race week festivities.

SIX months' holiday trip abroad for Adele Graham, of Rockdale, when she sails in Strathaird for trip to England. Adele will stay in London with her sister Kathleen, who has flat at Kensington, and will also visit her other sister, Mrs. Tait Smith, who was recently married in London. Margaret and "Tait" have flat in Surrey, and it will be Adele's first meeting with her new brother-in-law.

Farewelling her were her parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Graham, and another sister, Mrs. Jim Jardine, who came to Sydney with her small daughter Sandra from Wyangan for double-purpose visit of farewell and seeing Red Cross Flower Show.

SCOTLAND must be just as "bonny" as we're led to believe, as I understand Mrs. Brian Crowley and her pretty daughter Ann liked it so much that they have returned there for another visit.

NEWS all the way from Ireland tells me of Sydney wedding which takes place at St. John's Church, Ashfield. Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, of Belfast, Northern Ireland, writes to say that her son, William Moore, formerly with the Royal Navy, marries Sydney girl Madge Rose, only daughter of Mrs. L. A. Rose, of Dulwich Hill. Couple have reception at Amory, Ashfield.

SURPRISE news for Sydney friends of Joy and Ed Higgins when they hear the Higgins' have twin boys added to their family of four sons. Joy, who was formerly Joy Kelly of Sydney, and Ed, now living in Richmond, California.

HEAR from Ivie Price that Lord Wakehurst and Lady Wakehurst have completed redecoration of their newly restored London house, and are kept busy with official entertaining, as Lord Wakehurst is president of the English Speaking Union and Lord Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Recently Lord Wakehurst toured Italy as Lord Prior, and has been in Germany studying conditions there, returning to England with some interesting photographs of his trip.

AFTER spending holiday weekend in Sydney from their Bowral home, the Bill Caldwell will be entertained at a buffet dinner party given at the White City by ex-Waafs. Before marriage earlier this year Mrs. Caldwell was Gwen Stark.

ON their way home after super trip to England Phyl and Bill Lewis will arrive in Dominion Monarch. They have let their Palm Beach house till March, so will be joining the band of flat-hunters when they arrive.

joyce

New! Lipstick Trio

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 - ★ MEDIUM BROWN
 - ★ BRUNETTE
 - ★ SILVER GREY
 - ★ REDHEAD



3 Colour-keys to Beauty by Helena Rubinstein



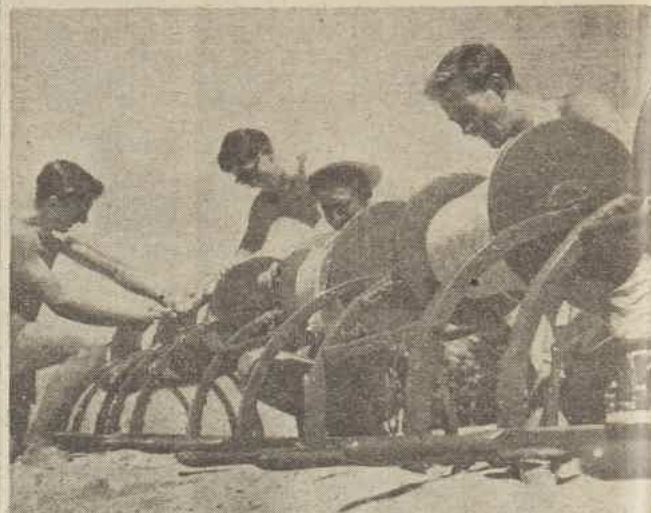
Three gaily coloured lipsticks on a chain with a lovely heart-shaped mirror—a real jewel to be worn as a charm bracelet or a smart fob for your lapel. Here you have a complete lipstick wardrobe, always with you, to give correct harmony between your colouring and your frocking, morning, noon and night.

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SURFING SEASON...



REELS are checked by permanent lifesavers Dick Brand, John Illingworth, Jack Pryor, and Graham Nicholls at Manly. Special attention is given to seeing that cord is flawless and mechanism turns easily.

Bulldozers, paint-pots helped to smarten-up the seashore

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

With the opening of the surfing season and summer coming closer every day, crowds will soon be flocking to the beaches near Sydney, most of them unaware of the hard work that has gone on during the winter to make those beaches safe and pleasant.

Local councils who control the different beaches have employed hundreds of men during the winter. Bulldozers have been used to level the sand, dressing pavilions have been smartened up with a fresh coat of paint, and men operating from barges have driven new piles and installed new safety nets around swimming pools.

TO have a look behind the scenes we toured the Manly district to see what was being done.

At Queenscliff surf-shed life-reels were being painted. Already the rope had been taken off, dried, waxed, and inspected so that no life should ever be lost due to a fraying or breakage of a line which has 400lb. as its limited breaking strain.

Inside the surf-club building the lifeboat, Miss S.T.C. II, rested keel up while the last coat of paint dried.

Mr. John Lindsay, assistant engineer, who came with us on our tour, told us that the lifeboat had been scraped, painted with preservatives, then with the club's colors—red and purple. Around the lifeboat in grand confusion were red and yellow flags for marking safety zones for swimming, shark bells, anchors to hold down floating buoys, and tall wooden signs which had just arrived from the Balgowlah depot where they had been painted.

Down on the beach a bulldozer expertly managed by Jimmy Brown shifted sand piled high against the ocean wall to the lower water level. Up and down went the bulldozer, cutting deep furrowed patterns in the sand, turning it over to let stale sand come to the top for a healthy treatment by air and salt water.

Through the year the bulldozer turns up a smattering of lost coins, and a large selection of false teeth.

"Sets of teeth are collected," said Mr. Lindsay, "and placed on a shelf until someone claims them. People take them out before going in for a surf, and put them on a beach towel. Then they come running out after their swim, pick up the towel to dry themselves, and away go the teeth. As for money, the more you try to dig it out the deeper it gets."

Bulldozers on beaches from Bondi



SIGNWRITER Ernest Sackley places freshly painted depth notice and other signs out to dry.

to Palm Beach are indispensable. Inconsiderate bathers leave papers and scraps behind them. But bulldozers scrape rubbish up and shovel it into pits, where it is covered by feet of sand and soon rots away.

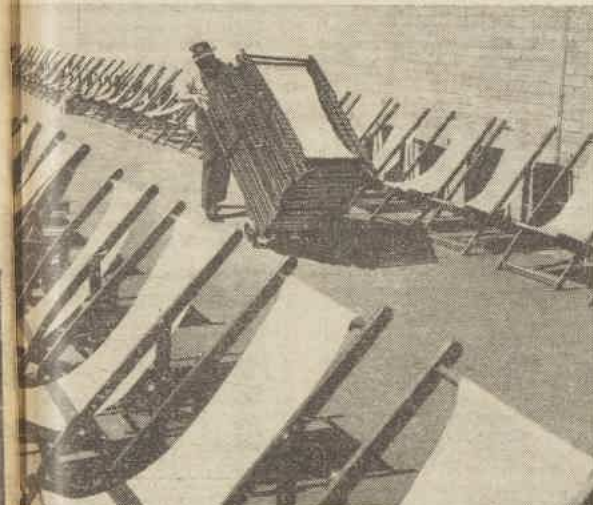
"It's a constant battle against the sea," Mr. Lindsay explained. "The sea moves in, pushing the sand back against the sea wall, leaving bathers only a strip of beach. Then the bulldozer gets busy and pushes it back again."

Landmark of Manly Beach for over 50 years has been the line of tall pines around the ocean and harbor beaches. Pines die like anything else, and when a death seems

Beaches made ready for summer



BULLDOZER driven by Jimmy Brown makes regular pattern on the sand at Queenscliff. By means of bulldozer, sand is levelled.



DECK-CHAIRS line the front of South Steyne pavilion, and Roy Dunn wheels 18 more into position on a special barrow. Deck-chairs have been mended, painted, overhauled.



PILEDRIVER on barge is used to place stout wooden frame of new baths at Little Manly in position.

likely a small pine is planted beside the old one so that when it goes a gap will not be noticed.

Under the shade of the old pines, and near the concert shell at South Steyne, deck-chairs are always in demand. At sixpence a half day it's very pleasant to sit drowsing in the sun, and the Manly Council recognises the fact.

Deck-chairs by the hundred are repainted and mended in winter. When ready, men like Roy Dunn collect them and take them wherever needed. Special wheeled barrows hold the chairs, taking them 18 at a time, or, on the four-wheel barrow, 120 at a time.

On Bondi Beach, the Waverley Council has long been preparing for

the influx of parents and their children. For the children, swings, roundabouts, and slippery dips have all been checked, painted, and are in tip-top condition. At the northern end of the beach the Bogey Hole, where the kiddies love to swim, has been extended and made safer, and, as at Manly, the painted notices warn of any danger areas.

After the heavy winter rains, grass on waterside park areas has sprung up untidily, and employees have worked hard to keep things looking neat and pleasant. A tractor, which pulls six mowers, has operated over the parks.

Rock pools

IN the Warringah area, which covers 13 beaches and 103 square miles, the main trouble for workers lies in the rock pools which are so popular in the summer.

Dee Why, for instance, has a pool where competition swimming takes place. A reserve attendant on the spot operates the pumping system when the tides are favorable.

At North Narrabeen the rock pool has a habit of getting silted up, and the Warringah Council has made a road through to the baths so that heavy trucks can get through to haul out the sand.

Most of the rock pools that look so fresh and clear at high tide look quite the opposite when the tide is low. There is usually a weekly maintenance when the water is let out, and the slime cleared away. Most of the greenish slippery slime called algae vanishes when sprayed with bluestone or copper sulphate, or lime, which is harder to get at the moment.

At Christmas and New Year all along the northern beaches campers will swarm on to sites from Palm Beach to Narrabeen Lakes.

During winter the indispensable bulldozers have been levelling and regrading the land ready for all the people who will descend like locusts at the public holidays.

For 15/- or 10/- a week they can live on the reserves, putting up their own tents and using showers and buildings built by the council.



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Cool...

This cool rayon comes in patterns so crisp and brilliant you can use it for your most dashing frocks... for evening dresses... for those very smart cocktail frocks that you might wear to a buffet lunch or seaside party.

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BRISK FLAVOUR - NEVER FLAT!

Veni, Vidi, Video

Continued from page 4

THERE was no other sound for a moment, and then the outer door swung shut. Frozen to his chair, Joe saw a slim form scurry past his window along the flagstone path.

Horror-struck, he rose and dashed outside. Mrs. Feible was on the stairs, clutching the evening paper, and he raced past her and outside and called frantically, "Miss Merritt."

She scudded ahead of him into the dark and her apartment door slammed. He went back and feverishly hunted through the telephone book and dialled her number, and at last heard her voice answer.

"It's me," he said confusedly. "Joe Thatcher. I thought it was somebody else, I thought—"

"It's perfectly all right, Mr. Thatcher," she said. "I wanted to see the cooking programme, but it was foolish of me. It would bore you to tears, anyway. Do forgive me."

While he was babbling about his love for cooking programmes, she hung up.

He went to work the next morning and out in the shop he came upon a foreman he was fond of, Frank Waters.

"I heard you bought a television set," Waters said. "Pretty slick, hey? I bet it's great, and you really enjoy yourself."

Joe smiled wanly and said that it was fine. He had an afterthought and told Waters to drop up and take a look sometime. He went on with his work, went home about five, and Susan Merritt was promenading with her dog. He spoke to her and Miss Merritt smiled sweetly. Joe was going to apologise all over again, but the dog barked steadily at him and he gave it up and trudged into the apartment hall, wedged full of happy-faced youngsters, who greeted him with treble cries of joy.

The kids were gone an hour later. It was a Friday night, a night when many people went out. Joe stood in his apartment and looked across the court at apartment 42. It was a duplex and a light was on upstairs. Probably Susan Merritt was getting dressed.

He slumped into a chair in front of the television set, and at nine rose and peered into the misty night again. He saw a young man coming up the flagstone walk, a clean-cut, collar-and young man with a box of flowers under one arm. The door of apartment 42 opened, admitted the young man, and closed again, blotting out the light. Joe went back and slumped in the big chair and the doorbell rang.

"I will kill that Feible," Joe said. "Before the eyes of his wife I will dismember him." He wrenched open the door and a handsome young couple were standing there, looking slightly nervous.

"I guess we're noisy," the young man said. "But you know how it is with the big fight on to-night. We took a chance. If you object, just say so."

Joe looked gloomily at them. "Come in," he said. He tuned the set and found a preliminary fight under way. The couple spoke admiringly and at length about his set, to Joe's surprise. They even insisted that he sit in the big chair. Joe felt better. He was beginning to think there might be some human beings left in the world when the doorbell rang and he found Frank Waters there with half-a-dozen other men.

"If it's not okay," said Frank, "just say the word. Just give us the high sign and we'll hit the road, Mr. Thatcher."

"Come in," Joe said. Frank waved them in. "Easy with that beer keg, Stanley," he said, and turned to Joe. "If you're good enough to let us see the fight, why, we figured the least we could do was bring the beer. We have

some cases here—all good and cold. It should be enough in case any of your own friends drop around. Take that beer out in the kitchen, Stanley. Who's got a bottle opener?"

The door had not been closed and suddenly Joe saw that Sam Feible and his wife were in the room and another gentleman with whiskers he had never seen before. Joe felt someone breathing on his neck.

"Beer," said Frank Waters, popping into the room with a tray of glasses. Joe accepted one and turned to the door, where Susan's parents were standing.

Susan's father said, "We saw the people thronging in. Don't know if it's open house or not—"

"Glad to have you, Mr. Merritt," said Joe. "I'm afraid we won't have enough glasses—"

"I'll run over and get some," Mrs. Merritt said. "Some of the folks in our building across would love to come if you don't mind. They wouldn't ask, not knowing you—"

"How about Susan?" said Joe.

"Susan, when we left," said Mr. Merritt, "was sitting on the sofa with her young man. I don't imagine they'll be interested in fighting. Ha, ha, ha."

"Ha, ha," said Joe hollowly.

He didn't count noses. Ten minutes later at a guess there were about thirty people in the audience. Waters and his boys were running beer from the kitchen to the living-room, and on the screen the referee had his arms around the fighters and was saying, "Now bot' youse boys break clean—"

EVERYBODY was there, Joe thought, including the cat. The doorbell rang and he got the door open and saw a young man there and beside the young man Susan Merritt.

Susan said, "This is Mr. Devlin, Mr. Thatcher."

Devlin said, "I'm really keen to see this fight, Mr. Thatcher—if you don't mind."

Joe stepped outside the door and Susan and Devlin went inside. Joe stood out there in the hall by himself.

Devlin was standing on tiptoe, eyes only for the screen, but Susan slipped out into the hall.

"I'll stand out here," she said. "I don't really care about fights."

"I do," said Joe. "But not now. I'd rather look at you." He had a sudden bold idea. Softly he closed the door and they were standing together in the hall.

"You've had a hard time," she said. "It'll get better. I know of three people in the apartment who are having sets installed next week. You won't be pestered so much by the children."

"They're pretty good kids," Joe said.

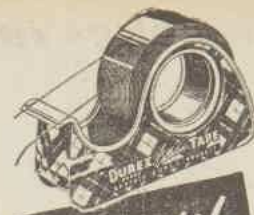
"You're very nice," she said, and flushed a little looking at him. "I didn't like you at first—I didn't like the way you looked at me every day when I was walking the dog. I thought you were terribly fresh."

"I wanted to be," Joe said. Gently he urged her down the hall and outside.

They paused before the window and Joe helped her up on the window-sill. Joe stood beside her, looking in through the window at the television set.

Joe stood close to her and looked inside his apartment at the fight. But instead of seeing himself and the screen and the sardine-packed room he saw a future evening with himself and Susan sitting in the big chair. And the door would be locked and bolted with a chain and the shades would be drawn and there would be nobody in the room at all, just himself and Susan and the television set.

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TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
**CHILD'S
PLAY**



ELIZA LYNCH

ELIZA moved from headquarters to headquarters with Francisco, rallying the men, putting the faint-hearted to shame by her coolness under fire. She wore the uniform of a colonel, and had earned it.

Among her other activities during the war Eliza organised a levy of jewellery among the women of Paraguay. To keep down profiteering she offered to buy at a fair price anything the needy families of soldiers had to sell.

Madame Lynch still had her detractors, and her admitted opportunities for removing enormous sums from the wealthy Paraguayan treasury, together with the jewellery levies, were responsible for the tales of buried treasure that were associated with her until her death.

Despite her efforts and those of Lopez, Paraguay was a defeated country. There was nothing for it but to retreat. Led by the ill-starred lovers, Eliza and Lopez, its ragged armies started for home.

On the march they received the news that a provisional government had declared Francisco Lopez an outlaw.

It was not until the last time they saw each other, when captured and surrounded by their enemies, that Eliza Lynch was told by the man she had held for 18 years that he loved her.

Continued from page 18

A moment later she and her eldest son saw Francisco Lopez die. Then, as they fled south, Eliza, who had brought the elegancies and frivolities of the Old World to barbaric Paraguay, felt the warm blood of the son she had reared to inherit his father's fantastic kingdom splatter her dress.

The war was over. At its beginning Paraguay had had a population of 1,337,489. When it ended it had only 220,825 people: 28,746 men, 106,000 women, and 86,079 children.

The ladies of Paraguay struck their last blow at Eliza Lynch when she was a prisoner on a Brazilian steamer. A petition, bearing 90 signatures, asked the Envoy Extraordinary of the Brazilian Emperor not to allow Madame Lynch, who had influenced and approved the spoiling of Paraguay, to leave the field of her crimes with the spoils of her victims without making just reparation.

His Excellency replied: "Your government presumed in the petition signed by the ladies and submitted to this legation that Madame Lynch carried great wealth with her. That is not true, as an inventory of what she had in her carriage at the time of her capture proves

● If you want to read more about Eliza Lynch, William E. Barrett's "Woman On Horseback" is a dramatic, readable story of her life.

... The personal effects in this inventory are not of great value and certainly represent much less than what Madame Lynch must legitimately have acquired in Paraguay."

The remaining years of Eliza's life were taken up with law suits in which she attempted to regain possession of the lands and moneys that were hers. She went back once to Buenos Aires. The old scandals had revived. Eliza began more than a dozen suits for defamation of character and slander.

Eliza had parted with her sons in South America. She was alone, and tired.

She sought vainly for the peace her tired spirit craved—in Dublin, London, Constantinople, and the Holy Land.

Eliza Lynch, who had been young and beautiful and brave when she first saw Paraguay, and had left nothing behind her but a trampled, wasted country, returned to Paris to die.

She died in solitude and squalor. The wild, adventuring years had not saved her from the end she saw as an alternative the night she dressed herself so carefully to win the President's son.

Lifebuoy



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"... the jungle's magic potion began to work. He felt YOUNGER, mysteriously STRONGER. Suddenly-AYEEAYH! He glanced at his mate..."



HAZEL

It seems to me....

IT'S really extraordinary the way psychiatrists discover things which all of us—including a lot of people who couldn't even spell psychiatry—have known all our lives.

Dr. Ben Karpman, a famous American psychiatrist, has written an article saying that some lying is necessary if people are to get along with one another.

As if we didn't know that! We learn it in childhood, or most of us do. A few don't. They grow up to be the kind of people who say of themselves, "Well, I don't pretend to many virtues, but at least I always say what I think."

And if you know of any more uncomfortable people than those who always say what they think, kindly don't tell me about them.

Teaching children the two opposing rules of behaviour—one, that they must always be truthful and the other, that they must always be tactful—puts rather a strain on the poor little things. For a while they find it difficult to reconcile the two, then, somehow or other, most manage to strike a working balance between frankness and hypocrisy.

There is a horrid parlor game I've heard of, called the "Truth Game," which requires the guests to answer various questions truthfully. Personally I would just as soon give my guests sticks of dynamite to play with.

I HEARD a delightful snippet of conversation on a dance-floor the other night. A pretty blue-eyed girl was looking lovingly into the eyes of a rather handsome young man and saying, "and now, DO tell me all about devaluation."

They do say that being a good listener is a particular attraction in a woman, and judging by the pleased expression that spread over the lad's face I think he may have been an economics student, and that the girl friend, by that artless question, had landed him.

My favorite sidelight on the whole matter of devaluation is still a sentence in the first radio announcements of the decision. "To-morrow," said the announcer, "will be a Bank Holiday in Britain."

Shades of Hampstead Heath! A country which can describe such a day—a day when all its financial brains are embroiled in a gigantic reorganisation—as a Bank HOLIDAY still possesses the talent for calmness and understatement that has carried it through innumerable crises.

It is still, in fact, truly British!

A TRIPPER just back from Auckland relates that she saw a handbag sale in progress at a shop. To the bags were pinned ten shilling notes.

Thinking that she hadn't seen a sales device of that kind since the depression, she returned to Sydney where, at a frock shop, she saw frocks displayed with lottery tickets pinned on them.

It's the kind of news that ought to be cheering. For long enough we all went round muttering that the time would come when the shops would want to sell us things, instead of the "take it or leave it and lucky to get it" attitude that was characteristic of the past few years.

That time seems to be approaching. But it may not be as rosy as it appeared. When the bargain sales start to come, thick and fast, when the shops start to cut prices and compete for scarce money, it will be very good—if you have some of the scarce money.

But not so good for those who haven't.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 8, 1949



Dorothy Drain

A GROUP of us were discussing the other day one of those perennial subjects when women get together—whether it's worse to be too short or too tall.

Tall girls are always bemoaning their terrible trials at dances—their horror when they see short partners approaching them, or, worse, when hardly any partners approach them at all.

"What's his height?" they're apt to ask if you mention a man who, you think, may prove a soul mate.

Sometimes the soul mate really is a small man. Then, having arranged a bridegroom carefully on a higher step of the church for the post-wedding photographs, they seem to relegate this worry to its proper place, and look down affectionately on their husbands' heads for the rest of their lives.

Being short is no great disadvantage for social purposes, but there are times, when dealing with business affairs or interviewing managing directors, that a few inches would give added confidence.

Shoemakers might come to the rescue here with adjustable heels, to be wound up and down as needed. They'd be so handy at parties.

You could keep them down when wishing to convey a "little woman" impression, wind them up when it's necessary to draw yourself to your full height and say, "Sir..."

MR. ALLAN FRASER, M.H.R., asked a question in the Federal House recently about the high price of pepper. "It used to be 5d an ounce," he said, "but since price control was lifted housewives had been charged 1/3 an ounce."

Goodness knows, big price rises madden me as much as the next female. Yet, though I could quote you the prewar price of several grocery lines, that of pepper was news to me.

This is possibly because my own pepper supply will undoubtedly outlast me. It was acquired—well, I never did ask how it was acquired—but it was given me by a soldier back in 1943.

A friend of mine can go one better. She is still using the pepper she bought from a door-to-door seller in the hard times of 1932.

WHEN a system called "Sky Shouting" for broadcasting advertising slogans from aircraft was tried out recently at Leicester, England, nature stepped in and a high wind blew away everything the sky shouter tried to tell his audience.

Voices to right of us, voices to left of us,
Voices that shout at you, voices that exclaim,
Some of them chirrupy, some that are yrrupy,
Breaking the quiet of night and of noon.

Since we're all used to this constant cacophony,
Telling us what to do, think, and to buy,
Let's make the firmament sound like a terrapin,
Why should we balk at using the sky?

Why stop at that—save that nature can better us.
"Go far," she abjures us, "as far as you dare,
But if you want noise, oh, I can be noisier,
A fig for your public address from the air!"

"Scream of the blizzard and roar of the hurricane,
Howl of the tempest, and hulk from the blue,
Thunder and lightning, handy for frightening
All of earth's children—keep quiet there, you!"

CONTOURED FOR COMFORT SPRING SMART TO THE TIPS OF YOUR TOES



STYLED BY IRVING DREW, OHIO, U.S.A.
Footrest Shoes
by Pitman

Light-stepping fashion firsts by Footrest... in quality, incomparable—in fit, so accurate that your foot is cradled in comfort from the first carefree wearing... and with the extra aplomb of designs by Irving Drew, world-acclaimed shoe stylist of Ohio, U.S.A.

Footrest Shoe Stores are:
SYDNEY: Mark Foy's, Grace Bros., (Suburbs) McHughes Shoe Store, MELBOURNE: Foy & Gibson, Ball & Welch, Wimmer's, Wallace & Co., D. Rosenberg (Windsor), Tringove Bros., (Camberwell), GEELONG: Bright & Macleod, BALLARAT: Faulk's Shoe Store, ADELAIDE: Chas. Birks, Myer Emporium, Miller Anderson, Adelaide Co-op., C. J. Young, BRISBANE: Shirley Shoes, PERTH: Bon Marche Ltd., HOBART: Burrell's, LAUNCESTON: Maddy's Shoes.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film.

3/-

- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
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HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!
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Banish Denture Odour! with

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PERFUMES

Blue Grass, Miss Arden's best loved

perfume, is fresh and exhilarating as cool

morning meadows. It's a fragrance that is

right with every mood, that lifts the heart

and leaves enchantment in its wake. Com-

panied by Blue Grass Flower Mist, to use

more lavishly after the bath and delight

you with its lingering freshness.

BLUE GRASS PERFUME BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST

BLUE GRASS EAU DE COLOGNE, the modern version of an old favourite.

BLUE GRASS DUSTING POWDER, light as a cloud, caressingly soft to your skin.

BLUE GRASS BATH SALTS, so fine they dissolve instantly in hard water.

BLUE GRASS BATH ESSENCE, to change the tub to a perfumed pool.

Elgar Arden

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Marathon runners mingled with traffic

By WINFRED BISSET, of our Perth staff

Modern marathon runners who competed in the all-Australia championship at Leederville Oval, near Perth, W.A., had to face up to a traffic problem which might have deterred the stout hearts of the champions of ancient Greece.

They were followed, surrounded, and sometimes blocked by enthusiastic spectators in motor cars and on motor cycles. Pedal cyclists also joined in, clinging to the sides of cars.

POLICE, also on motor cycles, joined the throng, making gallant efforts to clear the way for the marathon runners, begging oncoming vehicles either to pull off the road or drive in the middle, thus leaving the right-hand side clear for the runners.

Most of the motorists endeavored to do so, but when one enthusiastic follower stopped to get a better appreciation of the position of the runners, two of the contestants, Victorians Bob Prentice and Geoff Stanley, had to weave their way round the mudguards.

Crowded buses carried other spectators, cheering and waving, along the 26-mile route.

A car slid in and out of the crowd of followers with a referee aboard shouting at them through a loud-speaker not to pace the runners, to keep back or well forward, but not alongside.

It is easier, they explained, to chase a man than to run away from him.

At one stage a frisky dog joined in the fun of the race, causing a serious distraction to the runners.

Another impromptu entrant in the race was an awestruck amateur athlete who was waiting with a towel at one of the feeding-stations.

He was a bit late off the mark in presenting the dry towel, and had to chase the marathon runner for some distance down the road, waving the towel frantically at him.

However, the athletes, intent on their goal, apparently took the excitement they were causing calmly, and just went on running.

Occasionally one would confide in a nearby motorist as he passed.

N.S.W. entrant R. Guy, who was holding his own among the first four up to the 19-mile mark, gasped out to a motorist that he had a cramp. He then slowed down to a walk.

This year's marathon race was the first ever held in Western Australia, and the first time it has been recognised officially by the Amateur

R. F. FRESHER. Members of W.A. Amateur Athletic Association run with competitors, hand them a drink and a dry towel. Rowley Guy, N.S.W., drinks his warm tea without altering his stride.



NEW CHAMPION. Bob Prentice (centre), of Victoria, shakes hands with Harburn (right), third in the Marathon. Geoff Stanley (left), ex-champion, ran second. Prentice's time, 2 hours 43 minutes 55 seconds, was not a record.

Athletic Union of Australia as an Australian championship.

All States, with the exception of Queensland, entered for the championship, of which the winner was Victorian Bobby Prentice.

The race started round the oval, then on to the macadam road and along the riverside drive.

Prentice never at any stage of the course showed any signs of strain.

He and Geoff Stanley ran neck and neck for the first 25 miles, when it was obvious Stanley was going to break down.

At one stage Bob Prentice dropped his bottle of glucose, and the two men then shared Stanley's.

Prentice did the last mile easily,

ran up to the tape, surrounded by spectators, and posed for photographs.

He said that he had stuck to a strict diet.

"Plenty of milk foods," he said, "but I'll have nothing to do with pastries."

"I owe my wife a lot for this success. She has watched over my diet, and never complained when my training schedule has kept me away from home."

"I'm sorry she could not be here to see me win, but we have just moved into a new house, and felt that the fare for both of us would be an extravagance."

The new champion has never won a long-distance championship event before. For the 1947 and 1948 marathons he began strict training only four weeks before the race.

But this time he started from the beginning of the year. He is always a non-drinker and non-smoker.

His normal weight is 8st. 3lb., but he said that after the marathon race he would not like to essay a guess at it. He is wiry and short, and his friends say he looks better every time he runs a marathon.

While he was being interviewed he still wore the old tennis shoes in which he had raced. They had big holes cut out at the toes and were held together with sticking-plaster.

"It's more comfortable with the toes cut out," he explained.

Whenever he took refreshment during the race it was always warm tea with glucose, plus salt to replace the salt lost by perspiration.

"Never drink water," he added. "That's the sure thing to give you cramp."



ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, near the Swan River, Howland (S.A., No. 5) begins to lose his lead to Prentice (right), Harburn (left), and Stanley and Guy (at rear).

THE thirty-first annual report of Yooralla Hospital School for Crippled Children in Victoria lays stress on the importance of posture.

At Yooralla, boys and girls are being given a chance to grow up straight.

It's a hospital school, but the Education Department would like teachers of all schools to visit Yooralla and see the importance of each child having a seat and a desk suitable to his size.

At Yooralla it is appreciated that exercises and physiotherapy achieve little if in the intervals a child habitually assumes bad positions.

He does not grow up a straight child by slumping during his school hours over a desk too small for him, or if, as a left-hand writer, he continually slumps his chest and head to the right of his seat in order to see what his left hand has written.

A pupil at Yooralla is thoroughly grounded in one subject denied to most normal children in Victoria—his own good posture.

At last summer's Lord Mayor of Melbourne's camp for country children, one finalist in a posture competition had had poliomyelitis. The other entrants protested.

"It isn't fair," they said. "He's had polio. He's been taught how to stand."

Baby's bottle comes ready to warm

STUDENTS of the American way of life say that it is being deprived of its foundations; many of the things that were formerly done in the household are now being done outside it.

Critics are incensed at what they claim is the latest blow to indispensability of the feminine head of the house. Under licence from the New York State Board of Health, a firm is now preparing and delivering babies' "bottles." It has five hospitals and 400 customers on its books.

A flat weekly charge is made, the "bottles" being made up in accordance with instructions from the baby's doctor and delivered in sterilised feeding-bottles ready for warming.

WORTH Reporting

The dangers that lurk at home

A FASCINATING subject of conjecture was raised at a recent Women's Voluntary Services' Training School on Safety in the Home. Can it be, a lecturer asked that elderly men have less sense of smell than elderly women? She told them that 160 men but only 98 women of 65 and over die every year from coal-gas and carbon monoxide poisoning.

Women, however, either because they spend more time at home or are more likely to lose their sense of balance, have two fatal falls in the home to man's one. But more men fall off ladders than women. In 1947, for instance, 60 men met their death this way, while there was only one fatality among women.

The habit of "swallowing things" isn't confined to children, but is common to people of all ages. In the British Isles 70 deaths a year are caused by swallowing "foreign bodies."

Road safety quiz won by woman

HIGHEST marks in the traffic quiz run in conjunction with Sydney's Road Safety Exhibition were won by a woman, who scored 45 out of a possible 50. She is Mrs. B. Mathieson, formerly of Townsville, who has been driving for 10 years.

She entered the quiz simply as a visitor to the exhibition—without any special reading-up or preparation beforehand. "Only one question had me a little worried before I answered it," she said. "That was whether a car driver should stop at a tram safety zone."

"The answer is that there is no need to stop unless pedestrians are passing in front."

A number of taxi drivers went in for the quiz. "As a matter of fact," Colonel Youden, secretary of the N.S.W. Council, said, "we couldn't help noticing that a lot of the evasive answers came from them."



"Now watch what you say or the first thing you know we'll be owning a puppy."

News of Geneva's big Australian colony

WRITING from Europe, Betty Nesbit comments on the many Australians working in Geneva. Mrs. Gizelle Podbielski, formerly Gizelle Schneider, of Sydney, is in the Research Division of the Economic Commission for Europe. In the Statistics Department is another Sydney girl, Mrs. A. Wetter.

Frank Jones, of Perth, is an interpreter in French, working with the International Labour Office. Also at the I.L.O. is Beryl Lewis, of Perth, secretary to the treasurer. Working in the Research Section is Marjorie Russell, of Robertson, N.S.W. Mr. W. Caldwell came from Perth to join the I.L.O. in 1921.

In the office of the World Federation of United Nations Association is Judy Wilson, of Armidale, N.S.W. Peg Hyatt, of Geelong, is working with the Australian delegation to the Provisional Frequency Board.

WARNING to absent-minded travellers: It isn't only tooth-paste that comes out of a tube in Switzerland. Condensed milk and jam are both packaged like this. It's specially good, we hear, for condensed milk.

Over 70, "Little Joe" needs no rehearsal

NOW living quietly in retirement in a Sydney suburb is one of this century's great clowns. He is Joe Bannister, "Little Joe," who, before coming to Australia in 1911 and joining Wirth's Circus, was for 20 years a famous figure in the sawdust rings of the Continent.

Everything about "Little Joe" is in the great tradition of clowning. He ran away from home, had, he says, no schooling, yet speaks half a dozen languages with careless ease. Even his name is right, for all classic clowns are called Joe after the great Joseph Grimaldi.

In his long clowning career, "Little Joe" has always used the same make-up. "I can be ready to go on in five minutes," he says. "Some clowns take fifteen."

"The trouble with the young fellows of to-day is that they don't practise. I practised all the time so that I had something new to offer each season and I haven't forgotten any of it."

"They aren't handy now like I was. I could mend a cage, patch a tent, do anything about a circus where the elephants were always breaking something."

"Little Joe" came out of retirement recently to appear in his old role in a play in which his little granddaughter, Nola Molloy, was taking part. "Rehearse!" he said. "There's no need to—I remember it all, even to my very first stunt. My mind's crowded with names, old jokes, circus sounds, and clowning. At over seventy, there's no need for me to rehearse."

The story "Little Joe" started is going to be carried on. Nola is going to be an actress—at 10 she's booked for her first professional appearance in a pantomime this Christmas. And "Little Joe," in a mixture of English, French, and German, is writing his life story.

An appointment gets the laundry done

IT'S beginning to look as though the days of the laundress' reign over the housewife are at last drawing to a close.

Not only are there no cups of tea, inquiries after grandchildren, and perks in the way of hats, dresses, and cold joints when dealing with ex-serviceman Bruce Darragh, but he is actually pleased when someone rings and asks him to do the laundry.

It's all on a very professional level. Names and addresses are taken by an efficient, impersonal voice, and the appointment is made with secretarial precision.

Bruce works Sydney and its suburbs, arriving by car, carrying the electric washing-machine that he plugs into any suitable point, disposes of the average wash in under an hour (under the housewife's supervision if she wishes), and vanishes as quickly as he came, leaving behind him a neat basket of clothes washed, rinsed, and wrung, and ready to go on the line.

Calls for help come from all sorts of people—grass widowers who find themselves with a pile of soiled shirts to greet the return of their wives, flummoxed families who are unexpectedly giving hospitality to relatives, and housewives who are just plain tired of doing their own washing.

To suit business people or others engaged during the usual hours, Bruce will turn up on any convenient day and at any time. He has one permanent engagement to do a wash at 7 o'clock every Saturday night.

WORDS with which we couldn't agree more: Bulls, says a Mr. W. J. B. Murphy in a news sheet circulated by the Department of Agriculture, can never be trusted, and the only reasonably safe bull is the one behind a stout fence. We would take the discussion a step further and say that the only safe bulls are those behind a stout fence that is a long way from where we are.

Housewives everywhere acclaim

New better-than-ever PERSIL!

Better in 3 wonderful ways!



1 Hooray! Whites, washed in New Persil, are **WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE** and as for my coloureds—yellows, reds, greens are so much **BRIGHTER**—browns, blues, greys look **RICHER** than I thought possible!



2 And so easy to use! Simply sprinkle New Persil into the water, swish with the hand and those oxygen-charged suds are ready for work



for whites
for colours

3 In a **BIGGER, BRIGHTER** packet, too! Another good reason why I'll always buy New Persil!

GET NEW better-than-ever PERSIL NOW—SEE THE **EXTRA DAZZLE** IN ALL YOUR WASH!

AN hour later O'Riordan, the landlord of the Dandaloo Arms, went into the street to make sure there was no one watching while Garvie helped Nora Kaye into the dogcart; then he returned to continue his interrupted conversation with the only occupant of the public bar.

The little detective, Mr. Sweetacre, had been pecking through the slats of the venetian blind.

"It's Mr. Garvie," the landlord explained. "A most liberal gentleman wid an eye for the colleens."

He leaned forward on the bar counter. "It's most interestin' what you've been tellin' me, Mr. Sweetacre, sir," he said. "Time, now . . . It don't enter into it, eh?"

"Mind you," Mr. Sweetacre explained, after testing and setting down his glass of beer. "I have only my friend's word."

"And bein' in the police shouldn't be know?"

"True."

"As I see it," O'Riordan said, anxious for enlightenment, "if I broke the licensing regulation twenty-five year ago I'm still liable."

"If it could be proved. Mind you, 'twould not be worth wasting the Government's money digging back into the past for such malefactors as yourself." He smiled to take the sting out of it.

"Oh, well," O'Riordan said with a great sigh. "Heaven be praised we have no murderers hereabout and never an inquest since old man Kelly was gored by his own bull on the way to Mass and the magistrate of the day got drunk in this very bar."

He swabbed the bar counter. "How long will you be stayin' with me, sir?"

"That all depends," Sweetacre said. "I've a few matters to clear up. Which direction is the pharmacy?"

The landlord was pointing from

the verandah as Sergeant Ben Lake rode up. "Meet Mr. Sweetacre, an insurance man, Ben," he said. The red-headed policeman leaned down and Mr. Sweetacre reached up.

"Pleased," and "Glad to know you," they said gravely.

Lake said, "I'll take my horse to the stable. I'll be staying with you a few days, Mr. O'Riordan."

"'Twill be nice company," the landlord said. He winked broadly at Mr. Sweetacre. "You wouldn't be after a murderer or two?" he inquired, then, as Ben looked startled, "Tis a small joke," he explained . . .

Nora Kaye said, as Garvie drove her home, "Stevie . . . drive on . . . drive right on to the end o' the world." She tried to take the reins.

"Draw it mild, Nora," he protested.

"Well, drive on's far as Pelverson. I wanna see this piece, Vashiti. I wanna look her over."

"Now, be reasonable, Nora," he said. "Who visits Pelverson? Old Steen wouldn't let us see her."

"Who d'she think she is, this Vashiti?" she persisted. "Comin' up here takin' people's fiances away from 'em. Castin' spell on a-suscep'ble Stevie."

He was glad when they reached her gate a half-mile out of town. Pleased, too, that it was a lonely spot and there was no one to see her home-coming. He hopped down and, holding the reins with one hand, helped her out. She stood, swaying, falling against him.

"Sure you can get inside all right?" he asked.

Poison in the House Continued from page 5

"Sure, Steve," she said. "Don't think because a girl's been jilted twice she can't stand up." She put a hand out familiarly, flicking his tie. "I love you, Steve. You're not a worm."

He grinned good-humoredly and watched her walk unsteadily up the path. At the door of the cottage she turned. "Stevie," she called, "if ever you marry 'nother girl I'll murder her."

.

Pete Gorrik came to table that evening as Steen was bending his head for grace. The old man looked his displeasure. "Jedidah cooks so's you can eat," he said sternly. "Least you can do is to be prompt at table."

Jedidah flashed him a quick, surprised glance, and then, as he asked blessing, bowed her head. When

supper was over and the table cleared, Steen said casually, "I be goin' into Kinalcuddy to-morrow on bank business, Pete. I better take your gun."

Pete stared at him, and he added: "Thought you said it needed fixin'."

"Oh, that!" Pete said. "I'm fixing it myself. I've got it all took to pieces."

The old man grunted and presently was sitting at the table poring over his ledger. The women washed up, Jedidah indicating with cautioning finger that there must be no undue clatter of dishes.

Pete sat aimlessly at the table, but constantly he turned to stare at the girl as she worked.

Once she caught his eye and looked away hastily, making some irrelevant, half-jesting remark to Jedidah, but Ref Steen coughed meaningfully, and, in the ensuing hush, followed his finger down a column of figures.

Before the washing-up was completed, Gorrik pulled himself to his feet. "I got a heavy day to-morrow," he said. "I'll hit the hay."

The old man nodded. "Get Holper to bed, too."

"He don't like going so early."

"I said, get Holper to bed. Good-night," Steen's eyes followed him till he left the lane of light. Then he slid the ledger away from him and, rising, closed and leaned against the kitchen door. He made a peremptory gesture to the women.

"Sit down," he said. "I got somethin' important to talk about."

WHEN, obediently, the women had seated themselves next to each other at the table, Steen frowned down at them. "Evil has come to this house, Vashiti," he said, solemnly.

She flashed a quick, suspicious glance. Evil? Then he knew! Something had gone wrong. He'd found out about Spellman. But how . . . ? Jedidah was watching the old man narrowly, the line of her lips a little contemptuous. Steen said: "Comin' by Huckaditch turn-off to-night, I was shot at. Someone tried to kill me."

The girl was startled and relieved in the one moment, but the old man's next words were to surprise her more.

"Guess you're to blame, niece. Now, now . . ." he hurried on, noting her astonishment, "maybe I shouldn't put it that way. What I mean is, there are some folk would sooner I was in grave than fit enough to hold pen and sign new will."

"You mean Pete?" Jedidah said, bluntly.

"'Twould suit him fine to wear black for my buryin'."

"You heard un," Jedidah said. "His gun's took to pieces."

"Could borrow one."

"When was this?" Jedidah asked.

"Bout an hour since."

"I didn't hear shot."

"You was busy with pots and pans."

The old woman considered. "You hear anything Vashiti?"

"No; nothing like a gun shot."

"You was too concerned tittivatin'," Steen suggested with a glance at the fresh blouse she'd changed into before supper. "I'll tell you somethin' more, Vashiti. Murderer will have another pop."

"Oh, no!" the girl cried. "Pete wouldn't, surely."

Please turn to page 29



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 8, 1949

STEEN shrugged. "If it wasn't Pete," he said, "who was it, Garvie?"

"Oh, no, no. That would be ridiculous."

"Ridiculous, eh? I dunno. There's been gossip, perhaps. If chap took my land from me I'd feel like emptyin' gun into him... Might as well know, Vashti; young dandy Steve is all dished up. Finished! Up spout!"

"But I don't understand."

"I've bought Hucksditch over his head. He's broke. Mebbe he's sore at me."

"But surely..."

"I ain't sayin' 'twas he took shot at me," he interrupted. "Only said if wasn't Pete might be Garvie, unless..."

"He looked at Jedidah significantly."

"Less what?" she asked quickly.

Ref Steen shrugged. "W-ell," he drawled, "could be one other."

"Holper? You're daft."

"He's one who's daft," Steen said, "and with dainties you never can tell. Caught a nasty look in eye of um when I found um outside Vashti's room."

"You're just imaginin'," Jedidah said, defensively.

"I leave imagination to the Garvies," he said. "No gettin' away from it, Holper's been actin' bit queer lately. Can't have him frightenin' Vashti."

"Reckon Vashti can look after herself," Jedidah said promptly.

His eyes wandered over the girl till she felt uncomfortable under the speculative gaze.

"Can't afford to take no chances of her gettin' a scare," he said, and left them to guess his meaning. He said, "Well, if there's murderer chap about best thing is to ask help o' the Lord. On knees."

He was kneeling almost as soon as he had spoken, and Jedidah, supporting herself by holding to the form on which she'd been sitting, lowered herself with creaking reluctance.

The girl kneeling beside her dived into the long past and saw herself a much be-sashed little girl sitting with her mother on a hard pew gazing up at a harder man and wondering whether he were God.

Ref Steen's voice came at last. "Oh, Lord, preserve me this night from violent men and the malevolence of the mad. Let the hours be calm and full of restful sleep, that to-morrow I shall wake refreshed, fit to battle gainst evil and set my heel upon iniquity."

He looked up to demand of them, "Who'll say Amen to that?"

There was the briefest pause before Jedidah answered, "If you want I'll say Amen," she said.

"Vashti?"

Steve Garvie shoot at this ridiculous old man! the girl was thinking. It was fantastic even if it were true that he had lost Silvanella. It didn't matter. There were other Silvanellas and they'd climb them together. That was ordained. Nothing could alter it.

It had only to be begun, and the beginning would be to-morrow while the old man was absent altering his will. In her fancy she was seeing Garvie standing with his hand lifted and fingers outspread in silent invitation. The whole world could be shooting at Ref Steen as far as she was concerned.

She heard herself murmuring, "Amen."

"Up," Steen commanded, and, as they rose to their feet, "Best be gettin' to bed, niece. I want private word with Jedidah."

Her resentment at the peremptory order was fleetingly. The only important thing was that he shouldn't change his mind about going to Kinalcuddy next day. In any case, she wanted to be alone. She took her candle and called from the door, "Good-night, Jedidah. Good-night, Uncle. Sleep well."

"When they were alone Steen said, 'How you makin' out with her, Jedidah?'"

Poison in the House

Continued from page 28

"She's well enough."

"She's learnin' humility?"

"'Tis a good place to learn it."

"Aye," he said, missing the sarcasm. "When you look out of window in season and see sun pickin' out the ripe crop, makes you real humble."

"I seen it many times."

"It's a thing you never grow tired o' watchin'." It sets you glowin' inside. Many a time I've said, 'Here's God's garden. 'Tis shame one day I got to leave it.'"

He stood rasping the stubble on his chin, thoughtfully. "If 'twas Holper..."

"It wasn't Holper," she said sharply.

"I been thinkin', Jedidah," he said gravely. "It might've been. Give Pete his due, he's a good shot and I'm a fair-sized target."

"Holper wouldn't do a thing like that."

"Not Holper," he told her, "but the devil inside him." He surprised her by uttering a prodigious sigh.

"I'd like to believe he knew nothin' 'bout it," he said, "but he's cummin', that one. I'll take no chances. To-night we'll lock back door for a change and keep all windows down here locked, too."

"You're not scared?"

"No," he said, "but I don't want daffie to get a chance to do foolishness." He smacked his lips. "I'm talked dry. Pour me some cordial."

She set a thick cup on the table and went to the pantry. Behind the bottle she lifted from the shelf she could see the jar she had found in the bag upstairs. She turned it face about and rearranged the line of bottles so that it was completely hidden.

STEEN

was sitting at the table, his eyes closed in concentration, when the old woman returned to the kitchen; but at the sound of the cordial plugging into the cup he opened them and uttered a loud laugh.

"By all! Old woman," he cried, slapping his knee, "I always thought if anyone tried to murder me 'twould be you."

"You're talkin' foolish," she said, sliding the cup towards him.

"I guess you got enough sense not to risk a rope round your neck just to get even for a few hard words."

"It's a quick death," she said.

He frowned across his cup at her, then changed the uncomfortable subject. "To-morrow I'm goin' to Kinalcuddy to see lawyer."

"I heard you say it was to see bank."

"That were talk... for Pete... I'm goin' to fix new will."

"You'll give her Pelverson?"

"Vashti's a Steen."

"She'll be no Steen when she marries."

He chuckled. "Aye, but she will. You'll see." He was silent a moment.

"You been dutiful handmaid, Jedidah. There'll be bit for you when I'm gone." He slapped his thigh.

"By all!" he cried. "If I don't fix that if there be no Vashti and no sons o' Vashti... or daughters... you'll get whole dang lot. You'll be old Queen o' Pelverson. What'd you think o' that?"

She knew he only said it because the idea of Vashti having no children appeared to him a possibility so remote it wasn't to be considered seriously.

"'Tis likelier that I'll have sons than she won't," she said.

"True," he agreed, amiably, his promise already forgotten in the hope near his heart. "She'll make fine mate for some strapper." He was on the point of speaking about Charlie Bates, but thought better of it. "She'll make fine mother o' children to rump over Pelverson. I don't make no secret, old woman, I'd been a sad man if when I seen her in Perth she'd been scraggy spinster."

He waved the displeasing vision away. "But she weren't and now I got it all planned. Come Christ-mas you'll be warm in bottle for young future master!" He stood, legs apart, his back to the stove, his hands in his pockets, dreaming of an endless line of Steens.

She asked, uninterestedly, "What time you leavin' to-morrow?"

"Must get early start to catch train at Dandaloo at eight," he said.

"You can get my 'lastic sides cleaned and set out Sabbath clothes." He nodded to the empty cup. "Pour more cordial."

She had lifted the bottle when, from outside the house, there came such a howl of woe that she paused, her fingers on the cork of the bottle.

"By all!" Steen exclaimed. "What's amiss with Griff?"

The wail gave place to a single terrified yelp.

A few minutes later, the door opened, and Gorrik stood there.

"I think you better have a look at Holper," he said with no visible emotion. "He's carryin' on. He's been doing something to the dog."

His eye moved to the whip hanging over the mantel. "He ought to be shut up."

The eyes of the two men met for a brief instant and held, then Steen said harshly, "Get back. I'll see 'bout it." He waved in dismissal and when Pete had gone stood listening to his retreating footsteps.

Suddenly aware then that he was silhouetted against the doorway he stepped hurriedly aside. He said with a little laugh, "Makin' fool o' myself standin' there."

Jedidah asked, "Ain't you goin'?"

He shook his head, then reached for the lantern on top of the dresser, lit the candle inside, and held it out to her.

"You go," he said. "You ain't got no cause for alarm. Pete or no one's goin' to take pot-shot at you. You ain't important." He opened the door for her, standing so that he remained behind it. "Just the same," he warned, "best hold the lantern up high so murderer chap can see who's walkin'."

After she'd gone he closed and locked the door and stood leaning against it, giving vent to his hard, humorless chuckle. After a few moments he went carefully round the downstairs part of the house, chuckling all the time. When he returned to the kitchen he finished the cordial, drinking from the bottle.

Jedidah, meanwhile, had reached the stable and pushed open the half-door which was its entrance.

A number of loose boxes, from which horses raised inquiring heads, ran the length of one wall. Lifting the lantern high, at the eastern end of the wide, paved passage in front of the horse-stalls she could see the dog, Griff, chained to a ring in the wall.

He was standing, legs squared, hackles up, yellow teeth bared as though anticipating attack. From beyond the harness room at the opposite end she could hear Holper sobbing. She had often heard him cry and it always disturbed her. It wasn't manly.

But Holper wasn't a man, she'd think, and want to put her arm about him and comfort him. But at Pelverson you didn't give way to such emotion. She walked through the unit harness-room and into the larger room at the far end of the building.

Here were two iron bedsteads on either side of a small table, bare but for a guttering candle stuck in a tin holder. On one Holper lay upon his stomach, his head burrowing into an untidy pillow. Pete Gorrik was sitting on the other, shoulders hunched, an ill-made cigarette dangling loosely from his lips.

Please turn to page 32

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Page 29

Happy home in mountains for old people

Seventeen pensioners enjoy life as "adopted family"

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

In a luxurious home in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W. a group of elderly people have started a new life together as the "adopted family" of a childless couple.

The couple are Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Juleff, and their family comprises 17 men and women pensioners who, until recently, were complete strangers to each other.

NOW they are all living happily together in the Juleffs' home, Haddon Hall, near the mountain village of Woodford.

Built by a former Japanese diplomat 25 years ago, Haddon Hall is a beautiful gabled house set in nearly five acres of ground and hidden from the main road by some of the tallest pines on the mountains.

During the past three years the Juleffs ran Haddon Hall as an expensive guest house, but they decided recently to keep three rooms for themselves and turn the rest of the large house over to pensioners.

"We'd read that many pensioners were having a hard time, so we thought we could help by asking some to live with us," Rupert Juleff told me when I called at Haddon Hall to see how its new residents were getting along.

"We decided to make Haddon Hall a home for old people, not an institution."

Mrs. Juleff and I interviewed hundreds of pensioners but, unfortunately, we had to restrict our choice to 17, although we hope to be able to accommodate more in the future. We also hope to open similar homes in other States.

The new family at Haddon Hall consists of a married couple, nine women, and six men. Some formerly lived in rooms, others with married sons or daughters.

None was in a position to live the life they are now living at Haddon Hall, where each has a well-furnished, airy room, good food, and complete freedom for 35/- a week.

When I visited them on a warm, spring morning, a fortnight after

they had moved in, some were gathered in the sun on the front lawn while others went about their self-imposed chores.

No orders are given at Haddon Hall. Any pensioner who wants to help in the house or garden does so voluntarily.

I was officially greeted by Mr. Juleff and promptly taken off his hands by 73-year-old Mrs. Maud Cathy and 68-year-old Mrs. Ethel Teasdale, both of whom were still excited about their new home.

They took me round the back of the house to see Nanny, the white goat. Nanny was in disgrace for creeping up behind Mrs. Cathy and eating from her hand a bunch of flowers she had picked for her room.

Mrs. Teasdale, also, was in comparative disgrace.

Peeled bulbs

SENT to the garden to pick shallots for a stew some of the women were making, she returned with daffodil bulbs, peeled and sliced them and was dropping them into the stew when Mrs. Cathy saw them.

Mrs. Teasdale, who formerly lived "all over the place, from one daughter to another" in the Sydney suburb of Newtown, declared that Haddon Hall is the "sort of place where you just laugh all the time."

Mrs. Ethel Robson, formerly of Bathurst, N.S.W., agrees with her.

"I was sick and under notice to quit my cottage when I heard about Haddon Hall," she said. "I was unhappy about things, but all my troubles left me when I arrived here. I came a day after the others and everyone gave me a hearty welcome."



OLD-AGE PENSIONERS, some of the group of 17 who now live in a luxurious house in the Blue Mountains made available by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Juleff, wave from gates of Haddon Hall

"I was given a beautiful room and I awoke next morning to hear kookaburras laughing in a tree just outside my window. I just lay in bed and enjoyed it."

The Juleffs retained two members of their staff to cook for the new family.

Most popular man with the ladies is bachelor Brian O'Connor, who looks very much like Prime Minister Chifley. Brian, who is "going on 66," is a former bank cleaner and lived in a room in Mosman, N.S.W.

He's not afraid that Cupid will trap him at Haddon Hall, although he acknowledges that he is "well surrounded by girls this time."

Self-appointed librarian is another bachelor, 66-year-old Horace Sanson, an old soldier who served in the Merchant Navy during the last war.

On his first night at Haddon Hall, Horace stayed up until midnight cataloguing and indexing all the books and magazines he could find. He now conducts a free lending library.

Horace, who formerly lived at a Salvation Army Hostel, helps Brian O'Connor and the other men in the garden and also, treks to the paddock each day to feed Billy the Bull.

Another link with the Merchant Navy is Mrs. Mary Ryan, aged 63. Mrs. Ryan's husband lost his life when his ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic during the last war.

"I was under notice to leave my room at Cronulla when I heard about Haddon Hall," Mrs. Ryan told me. "My son and daughter each wanted me to live with them, but I didn't want to because I like my independence and I think married couples should have theirs."

Mrs. Ryan, who suffers from blood-pressure, was told by a doctor several years ago that Woodford would be an ideal place for her to live.

"But I never dreamt that I'd eventually be able to live here," she said.

Two days after their arrival at Haddon Hall the women chose as their supervisor white-haired, dignified Mrs. Somerville, who has held several responsible jobs during her life.

"The only thorn in our existence at the moment is the terrible thought that our life at Haddon Hall might end suddenly, because it seems too good to last," said Mrs. Somerville.

"We get lots of milk, eggs and cream, our rooms are lovely, the beds comfortable, and I'm sleeping more peacefully than I have for years."

Mrs. Somerville said the women voluntarily help with the cooking, laundry, and housework, and keep asking for more chores.

Tea at all times

MR and MRS. JULEFF thank us for every little thing we do," she told me. "We couldn't have better accommodation if we paid £7/7/- a week."

The kitchen at Haddon Hall is a big, bright room equipped with every labor-saving device and a slow-combustion stove that hasn't been out for nearly four years. The men and women can brew a cup of tea whenever they wish.

The billiard-room has been turned into a bed-sitting room for three men and on chilly days there is a fire both day and night in the lounge-room.

At present, the only married couple are John and Sarah Mitchell, but the Juleffs hope to have room soon for another couple.



GAME of "Bingo" is played in the evening in the lounge, where there is a fire burning day and night in chilly weather.

Mrs. Juleff's ambition is to build what she calls a "rumpus room" for cold days.

"Things will be all right during summer, but when the cold winter days come round I want them to have a bright community room with a gramophone, piano, darts, card-tables, and anything else they want," she told me.

"It will cost about £250 and goodness knows where the money will come from but I'm going to see that they get that room."

Rupert and Ella Juleff are a quiet pair who seem to be getting as much enjoyment out of their idea as the old people they are helping.



WIDE VERANDAH with glassed-in corners is comfortable, sheltered spot for a rest. Mr. Juleff looks at his "adopted family" from a doorway.



BACHELOR Brian O'Connor, who looks like Prime Minister Chifley, does under one of the oldest oak trees on the Blue Mountains, while Nanny, the goat, feeds nearby. Brian intends to remain a bachelor.



VOLUNTARY TASKS are carried out by the "adopted family." Here Mrs. Maud Cathy and Mrs. Ethel Robson make the beds in their comfortable bedroom. Most of the rooms have several windows which command wide views of the surrounding Blue Mountains. Main color scheme of the house is apple-green and cream, with amber lighting.



STROLL ON THE LAWN in the beautiful pine-shaded grounds of Haddon Hall for three of the boarders. Grounds and house are large enough to provide solitude for those who desire it. Men help in the garden.



LIBERIAN, self-appointed 66-year-old Horace Liberman, reads by the stove in the hallway.

Valuable gems sent to Perth in parcels

From our Perth representative

Some of the valuable jewellery displayed at the Gem Week exhibition in Perth arrived by registered post in brown paper parcels tied with string.

It was the first Gem Week to be held in Australia, and it was arranged by the Retail Jewellers' Association during their annual conference in Perth.

THE exhibition was claimed as the finest ever held in Australia, but members hope that it will be improved upon next year when the value of the exhibits will be nearer the million pound mark.

Although an insurance policy with special quote was cabled from London covering the jewellery for some hundreds of thousands of pounds, I was amazed at the nonchalance delegates showed handling the jewels.

Federal secretary Wally Deall explained that if you put jewels into special cases with padlocks and iron bands you make it obvious that the contents are very valuable.

I was with him when he picked up some magnificent pieces in a paper parcel at a fellow-jeweller's shop in an arcade. The package was handed over the counter and he walked across the arcade to the workshop, then slit the wrappings with a penknife. A young apprentice working there never even stopped his work to have a look.

"Have you got a tray?" he asked, but there wasn't one available, so on to the cardboard lid went the 16 boxes of beautifully set gems the package had contained, and up in the lift went Mr. Deall, holding his precious cargo with an apparently easy grip.

It was not until I pored over the showcases that I realised the magnificence of many of the pieces.

One highlight was a diamond necklace from Queensland which was not priced.

Women looked at it and muttered that they would be frightened to wear it.

An exquisite specimen opal mounted in platinum, and set with 141 diamonds, bore a price tag for £1850.

Nearby was an unpriced diamond and cabochon-cut emerald necklace with matching earrings and three rings.

Onlookers said the emeralds looked almost too perfect to be real... but jewellers knew they were real.

Most dazzling piece on display was a bracelet from Sydney with 302 brilliant cut diamonds and baguette diamonds set in platinum. Price was given as £1350.

But a single two-carat diamond which blazed from a ring was more valuable. Its price was £2500.

A brooch and earrings set with angels' figures painted on Limoges enamel in the manner of the Henry VIII period may have belonged to one of that much-murdered monarch's wives. The hand-wrought settings held diamonds and at the apex of each earring was a tiny crown.

Interesting link with Perth was the diamond and gold sword brooch which Lord Forrest, then Sir John Forrest, had given his lady to commemorate the conferring of his knighthood.

Marie Antoinette had owned and worn a double French coronet and pearl necklet which had found its way into the collection of a Perth

jeweller, and which nestled in a satin-lined jewel case in the show.

Specially interesting was the collection of black opals from South Australia and Queensland.

A sophisticated piece found its way into the exhibition from world-famous Cartier's—it was a filigree gold brooch in the form of a bow with wide flowing ends, the edges outlined in rubies and diamonds, and there were earrings to match—for £1000.

New technique

AN interesting point in connection with modern work is the new technique of earrings.

A piece is fitted to the back, another piece fits into the ear itself, and no piercing is necessary, neither is there any pinching of the lobes.

Some delegates to the conference said Australian women were still too apt to buy imitation jewellery, when for a little more they could buy the real thing.

They added, though, that appreciation of genuine gems was on the increase.

"But we can't say yet that we sell a diamond necklace a day," one of them told me.

All the copied jewellery was of Australian craftsmanship, and much-travelled jewellers told me that it is of exceptionally high standard.

Federal President Carl Bishop, of Brisbane, and New South Wales President Mr. F. Kirkby spoke with one voice of the overwhelming reception Perth had given Australia's first Gem Week.

Many of the arrangements for the conference had been planned by the late W. H. Pritchard, of Sydney, who was Federal secretary of the association at the time of his death in June this year.

With Mr. H. P. Williams, of Victoria, he had been responsible for the formation of the W.A. branch. He had also been secretary of the N.S.W. branch for 26 years.



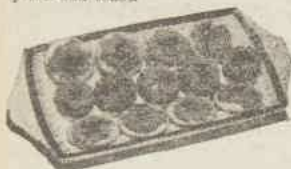
DELEGATES at Retail Jewellers' Association conference in Perth inspect part of Gem Week display. Messrs. H. P. Williams (Vic.), W. F. Marsh (W.A.), M. Barnett and F. Kirkby (N.S.W.), C. W. Bishop (Qld.), and newly elected Federal President A. K. Wendt (S.A.)

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Fish Paste Canapes (Illustrated). Cut circles or other shapes from white bread. Fry in oil, butter or margarine. Blend any Kraft Fish Paste with a little finely chopped garlic, parsley and cayenne. Spread on fried rounds or crackers and serve cold.

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BLOATER, HERRINGS AND TOMATO
SALMON AND SHRIMP, ANCHOVY
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KF93

GORRIK

was holding the handle of his long stock-whip, dragging the thong across the dusty floor-space between the beds, making it wriggle, snakelike. As Jedidah arrived, with a dexterous flick of the wrist he brought the lash up to rest lightly in his palm.

"Put that whip up, Pete," she said, setting her lantern beside the candle. "He's had enough o' whips without you usin' bedroom as stockyard."

Gorrik grinned. "Thought Refl was coming," he said.

Holper had ceased his sobbing at the sound of her voice. His head raised, he looked like a child startled in the midst of private misery. Jedidah said, "You can make yourself scarce, Pete. I can tend to him."

"He needs the old un," Gorrik argued.

"The old un sent me. Git out."

"He was hurting the dog."

"Git out," she said violently.

"Some day Holper'll have too much o' whips."

"That's what I say," Pete said without removing the cigarette from his lips. "It ain't safe for me to sleep here with him. I ought to doss in the house."

"You tell Refl Steen that." She motioned imperatively with her thumb and he slouched out, carrying the whip.

"What you been doin' to Griff?" she asked, looking down at Holper.

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. It was . . ."

From outside came the quick crack of the long stock-whip and Holper buried his face in the pillow.

"Don't ask me anything," he cried.

"I haven't done anything. I was in Currawilla. The old un said go to Currawilla. I don't do things wrong on purpose, Jedidah."

"You does the best you know," she said. "You can tell me. It was Pete hurting the dog, wasn't it?"

The one eye that peeped was full of fear. "I ain't sayin'. I ain't goin' to say. You mustn't ask me."

"How did he hurt him?"

He didn't answer, and she took him by the thin shoulder and forced him into a sitting position.

"You needn't speak words," she said, coaxingly. "It were the whip, wasn't it, Holper? The long whip?"

Poison in the House

Continued from page 29

No matter what he does. You ain't allowed to . . . shoot at him . . . or kill him any way at all."

"Kill is dead. Dead people can't hurt. Dead can't lash," the voice came, smothered by the pillow.

"But there's others can hurt more, Holper. Others could make you dead, too."

"I don't want to be dead, Jedidah."

"Course you don't," she said. She added, bitterly, "You and me's got lot to live for, ain't we?"

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly. "I like being by myself in the bush. Dead is under the ground."

"So you mustn't do any killin' with guns or anythin', Holper," she said, patiently. "You mustn't even try. You ain't got brains enough. If anyone was to get shot or drink somethin' had and die, they'd take you away."

"Who'd take me, Jedidah?"

"Ben Lake 'd come from Kinalcuddy and take you."

"Ben Lake is nice," he said, simply.

"He ain't allowed to be nice to anyone who kills," she impressed on him. "You git that in your head. He ain't allowed. If you was to kill he'd take you away and someone 'd put a rope round your neck and choke life out o' you."

A shudder passed through him and she said quickly, "Nothin's goin' to happen to you so long's you don't do no killin'. You mustn't try to kill anyone. No one at all, you understand?"

"He killed," Holper said, wonderingly. "He hit her and then she walked round and round and then she jumped, and now she's come back . . ."

"Hold your tongue," she admonished sharply. "It don't matter what he did. He's king o' castle and here king can do no wrong."

"He does wrong. He lashes. He killed. It says so in book, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"That means you, too," she told him. "Just you remember that it means you, too."

W

ITH savage insistence, the old woman said, "Don't you say it. Don't you."

"Kill un both," Holper repeated in a frenzy.

"Stop it." She smacked him hard across the cheek and with a little gasp he recoiled. The excitement died in his eyes and he became a whimpering bundle in the bed. In a flash she was sitting beside him, both arms about his shoulders.

"Listen Holper. I had to stop you talkin' that way. I never hurt you, do I? I'm kind to you and I give you your food, don't I?"

"You make me tell," he sobbed.

"You needn't be scart," she assured him. "Pete's out in yard. He can't hear us. Holper . . . try and understand what I'm sayin'. Here, in Pelvermon, you can lash a man and there's nothin' done 'bout it. You can lash un, man and boy, for thirty years and nothin's done 'bout it . . ."

"I been lashed," he said.

"It's you I'm talkin' 'bout. Try and understand. But you ain't allowed to kill a man . . . any man."

R

ISING abruptly, Jedidah took the lantern from the table. "I'll have quiet word with Pete," she said. "I'll take his whip and lock it up so you got no cause to be scart. You can sleep peaceful. And don't forget what I told you. No killin'."

"No killin' at all," he repeated.

"That's right." She made her way through the stables. Pete was waiting outside the stable door.

"The old un should have brought his lash to him," he said. "Carrying on like old Harry he was."

"There's been too much talk o' whips," she said, curtly. "I've seen dogs turn on lash. Best give me your stock-whip and I'll put it in kitchen."

He darted a quick, suspicious glance at her, but unexpectedly did as she wished, following her as she crossed the yard with the lantern in one hand, the whip in the other. He nodded at the glimmer of light filtering from the upper window.

"Vashti's a real early bird. Thought city folk stayed up half the night." She made no response and he went on, "The old un going to Kinalcuddy to-morrow?"

She grunted an affirmative.

"To see bank?"

"You heard un."

"Reckon he's goin' to see his lawyer," Pete said. "It'll be about his will."

"What else do you expect? She's a Steen."

He pondered this and then said, "It wouldn't make no difference to me if he put Vashti into his will; there's always marryin'."

She gave a high cackle. "Marryin'?" she said. "Her and you? You best go and peep in mirror, Mr. Gorrik."

"She went on, 'Ain't much cause for laughs round here but that's best I've heard in thirty years. You and her! Hah!'"

"She'd pretty quick hitch up with me if I were boss here," he said. "Any girl would."

"That's a rare pretty dream to take to bed with you," she said. "Like a real fairy tale. 'Sides, thought you told me you had your eye on Nora Kaye."

"Man has a right to change."

Please turn to page 33

DAINTY HANDWORKED BLOUSE STILL PERFECT—yet the material is 46 years old!



"These fancy pillow slips are really lovely!" exclaims Aunt Jenny. "Yes," smiles Mrs. Atkins. "Would you believe that they are over 20 years old? They were embroidered by my mother who is now 94 and living in Melbourne, but see—they're still beautiful and all due to Velvet's gentle care."



"And just feel this hand-worked quilt," Mrs. Atkins continues. "It was originally in my glory box, with that beautiful white linen breakfast cloth and the lovely old damask table cloth. They're treasures to me and I can heartily thank Velvet for their wonderful condition today."

ANOTHER VELVET SOAP RECORD, says Aunt Jenny

Mrs. R. Atkins of 108 Mill Hill Road, Bond Junction, smiles proudly as she shows the blouse to Aunt Jenny.

"My mother originally bought the handworked material in India in 1903," she says. "It was first made into a skirt and then cut down and made into this lovely blouse. I'm certainly thankful for the way Velvet has kept it fresh and new-looking all these years."

AND LADIES, HERE'S THE REASON WHY CLOTHES WASHED WITH VELVET LAST SO MUCH LONGER



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAP—soon under a magnifying glass look faded and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with clumsy, unhelpful suds. And look how those wearily soiled fibres are ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard-rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 8, 1949

Interesting People



MISS PAT BORTHWICK
... holds all titles

HOLDING every golf title open to her, 23-year-old Pat Borthwick is Australian woman champion for the second year in succession. Beginning her golf career at 12, she won the N.S.W. schoolgirls' championship in 1940 and retained the title for three years. One of the few golfers who need comparatively little practice, she plays off a handicap of two, has no favorite club or golfing wear, thinks an approach is her pet shot. Color photography and surf skiing are her other interests.



MAJOR-GENERAL
A. C. FEWTRILL
... engineer honored

CHIEF Civil Engineer of the N.S.W. Railways, Major-General A. C. Fewtrell is the first Australian to be awarded the London Institute of Civil Engineers' Baker Gold Medal. A paper on 'The New Hawkesbury River Railway Bridge, and work of standing its piers on solid bottom under silt, won him the distinction. A soldier of two wars (won D.S.O. in first), he was Chief Engineer Eastern Command, is now connected with construction of controversial elevated railway at Circular Quay, Sydney.



MISS PHYL M. FFRENCH
... £440 a portrait

AFTER living in the United States for five years, Melbourne artist Phyl M. Ffrench sells her portraits at from 1000 dollars (about £440 Australian now) each. At 17, a fourth generation Australian, she became Melbourne's youngest licensed real estate agent. Tried to draw from time she could hold a pencil. Never scribbled on walls, but once drew father on back of a door. Three years later he said he liked it. Lives in New York with American Colonel husband in 120-year-old remodelled four-story house.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 32

JEDIDAH said scornfully, "Some men, maybe. Some men can pick up who they like, and drop who they like. Some men has all the women after 'em and some gives women cold shudders." She added, cryptically, "The kind that goes bustin' into wrong bedrooms."

"Someone been breaking into Vashti's room?" Pete asked smoothly.

"I ain't namin' names," she said. "Guess though if Steve Garvie heard some'n was peeking into Vashti's room he'd have a bit to say."

He said contemptuously: "Steve Garvie! If he's thinking about Vashti he's got hold of some fairy tale you spoke about. Steve Garvie! Not a chance!" A speculative moment passed.

"He'd like it fine if he could pull it off," he commented. "Marry her and get Pelvernon." He laughed derisively. "The old man wouldn't have a bar of him. I could guess right now who he's planning to mate her with."

"Vashti?" she asked curiously. "Who?"

"Charlie Bates."

"Well," she ruminated, "if it's got to be it could be a lot worse for her." She glanced up. "It's startin' to rain," she said. "You git back to stable and remember what I said. You let Holper be."

Pete stood a moment, reluctantly, then slid into the dark as Reff Steen opened the kitchen door just wide enough for Jedidah to squeeze through. "Holper was sick," she lied as she set the dying lantern on the table. "I gave him a spoonful o' medicine."

"Won't keep him from work?"

"Get on up afore lark most likely."

He asked casually, "Pete put his gun together?"

She thought back. "Didn't see no gun or parts."

"I been thinkin'," he said after a while. "I would be a mighty wicked thing for anyone to murder me, but there's some 'sides Garvie who might think they had good reason."

"Pete?"

He considered it. "Can't be comfortin' for man to be worryin' whether he's to be cut out o' inheritance. First he heard of Vashti was when she come like bolt out of blue."

"He's thinkin' he might have chance o' marryin' her," she told him.

"No," he cried explosively. "I'll have none of his breed here when I'm in grave."

"You got nothin' to worry 'bout," she said. "He gives her cold shivers."

He gave his hard, dry chuckle. "Pete's no oil picture," he said and went on reflectively, "Vashti's got makin's. When vanity's squeaked out o' her she'll be real good Steen. She's learnin' obedience to them as knows the word."

Jedidah lit two candles at the dresser and handed him one, blew on the flame of the lamp, extinguished it. He stood meditatively, looking about him, glancing at the locked window and door.

"You scart?" she asked.

"I ain't scared of anything I can see," he said, "but I'm takin' no foolish chances. Tain't a nice feelin' to be shot at, Jedidah. I was commuin' with Lord while you was at the stables. The Almighty's no fool. He ain't goin' let no covetous murderer feller rob him of good servant. He's shown me what to do."

"How?"

"Never mind," he said. "Me and Lord has a plan. All same, I've locked all doors and windows down here. I ain't goin' to be no devil's martyr."

When she was in bed, Jedidah lay listening to the steady rain, thinking of Holper and the terrifying thing

Pete had suggested, "He ought to be shut up."

She could hear Reff Steen's movements in the room above. He was making more noise than usual and she wondered what he was about, but always her thoughts returned to Holper. Holper, who feared so greatly, knew so much and was allowed to say so little. The daffie who'd never be believed.

There was a bump and she started from her drowse, thinking vaguely of a shot. Funny she hadn't heard the shot when Reff Steen was fired at. The old man was prowling round upstairs. Next thing, Jedidah thought, he'll be waking Vashti, throwing another scare in to her.

But the girl was already awake. She had heard the footsteps of Pete and Jedidah crossing the yard and their mumbled conversation outside the kitchen and then the rain falling on the tin roof lulled her to sleep.

The night was close despite the rain, and she'd wished to open the window but had been afraid. It was ridiculous, she knew. The thing was fifteen feet from the ground and, anyway, it couldn't be locked. Still...

The closing of Steen's door had aroused her into a startled wakefulness which she immediately resented. She had composed herself for sleep thinking of Steve Garvie, telling herself that she must get a good night's rest so that she would look her best when she went to meet him.

Instead, here she was behaving like a child afraid of the dark, jumping at every sound, endowing the commonplace with sinister importance. The movements from Steen's room were no more than the routine potterings of a man preparing for bed.

She closed her eyes and immediately reopened them, for the sounds across the passage had become definitely clearer and there was a faint line of light under her door. Presently, however, with a sigh of relief, she heard a door close and immediately there was darkness and silence.

All at once, the girl was climbing laboriously to the top of Silvanella Hill, where Garvie stood holding out his arms, waiting, while Sammy Spellman tried to hold her back, telling her nothing could go wrong, and then, for a disappointing flash, Garvie became old man Steen.

Abruptly there was no Steen, no Garvie, no Spellman, no Silvanella and she was lying wide-eyed in her big room, her heart going sixteen to the dozen, conscious that somewhere a window had either opened or closed.

The rain had ceased and a late moon was throwing onto the carpet a patch of light patterned into prison bars and she knew that if it had been her window closing, whoever had shut it had gone... or... the horrid alternative struck her... was still in the room.

She forced herself to swing her legs out and to feel for the matches but she had no sooner found them than the box fell from her hand and she had to grope about the floor. It was only a second or two before she recovered the box, but it seemed an eternity. She lit the candle and sat on the edge of the bed.

Then her heart leaped, for, definitely, something had moved.

Someone was shuffling cautiously across the bare boards outside her door. A crack of light showed and then she had jumped to her feet, the candlestick falling from her hands, for someone was shrieking at the top of the stairs.

The candle expired on the carpet and in the first moment of darkness a thundering on the door was followed by a terrified cry.

"Vashti... Vashti... quick. Old un's been murdered!"

To be continued



The Mark of Quality

HMV are pleased to announce the 25 WINNERS in the "Little Nipper" COMPETITION

When we introduced the "Little Nipper" in April we offered 25 of these beautiful little mantel model radios as prizes to the owners of pups most like the original Nipper—the listening terrier in the "His Master's Voice" trademark.

The response was amazing. Thousands of entries poured in from all over Australia. To these people, we say thank you for your enthusiasm. Also we would like to thank the judges—Mr. T. C. Harvie, Official R.A.S. Dog Judge; Mr. Jim Macdonald, Columnist, and Mr. Les Lipman, News Editor, Radio Electrical Weekly—who had the difficult task of choosing these 25 prize winners.

- Mr. A. A. Bartholomew, Manum Road, Murray Bridge, Sth. Aust.
- Miss Rhonda B. Buckley, 18 Mawson Street, Nailsworth, Sth. Aust.
- Mr. Keith J. Echberg, 17 Venn Street, Peppermint Grove, W.A.
- Mr. Harold Everett, Mawham Road, Upper Mt. Gravatt, Brisbane, Q'ld.
- Mr. R. Fennell, 389 Barkly Street, Elwood, Vic.
- Mr. Jack Fitzmaurice, 318 Guinea Street, East Albury, N.S.W.
- Mrs. Margaret Greening, 76 Hampden Road, Artarmon, N.S.W.
- Master John Hickey, C/- Box 478, Griffith, N.S.W.
- Miss G. Lange, 122 Avenue Road, Mosman, N.S.W.
- Mr. D. F. MacKinnon, 31 Riley Street, Wangaratta, Vic.
- Constance & Donald McKern, 3 Cross Street, Mayfield, Newcastle.
- Mr. V. N. Marshall, 45 James Street, Mt. Gambier, Sth. Aust.
- Mrs. V. Meinke, 97 The Grove, Col. Light Gardens, Adelaide.
- Master John Mullane, 30 Homer Street, Kogarah Bay.
- Mr. W. J. Murphy, 64 Roe Street, Mayfield, Newcastle.
- Mr. David Parkinson, Cowper Street, Wallfield.
- Miss Laurel Reilly, 29 Robert Street, Ashfield.
- Miss Bobs Roberts, Box 25, Auburn, Sth. Aust.
- Miss Carol Anne Robins, 105 Digger Street, Cairns.
- Mrs. W. T. Schofield, 57 Platt Street, Warroch, N.S.W.
- Miss Dorothy J. Smith, 286 Bromide Street, Broken Hill.
- Mrs. F. B. Smith, 25 Stuart Street, Helensburgh.
- Mrs. Alison Walker, 531 Kiewa Street, Albury, N.S.W.
- Miss Joyce Webber, 6 Sussex Street, Maryborough, Q'ld.
- Mr. Roy F. Webster, Percy Street, Devonport, Tas.

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irritability, tension, nervous exhaustion and headaches result, that's the time to have your 'Aspro' handy. 'Aspro' is not a harmful stimulant—it acts in a SOOTHING way—not only frees you of your trouble but has no "after effects," so your normal sense of well-being is soon restored. Carry 'Aspro' EVERYWHERE!

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Long week-ends tempt many into having too much of a good thing. Strenuousness is often overdone. Troubles include overheating, which leads to feverishness, colds and sore throats, and fatigue and muscular pains from over-exertion. There's always headaches aplenty, too. For active people 'Aspro' has a special appeal—it soothes away the trouble without an unsteady effect because it does not contain harmful drugs or stimulants. That is why so many sportsmen swear by 'Aspro'. 'Aspro'—a modern medicine for modern times.

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*Life's
work
is labor
of love*

SAMUEL CALDWELL, 87-year-old stained glass craftsman, with an example of his work in his factory in the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral.

Cathedral windows restored by aged expert

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

In the beautiful stained glass windows of bomb-damaged Canterbury Cathedral, 1008 panels of glass are being replaced

Artist in charge of this restoration is 87-year-old Samuel Caldwell, who works in a factory in the shadow of the cathedral itself.

THIS delicate task is the most costly of all the restoration work being carried out.

Samuel Caldwell is the last of a long line of craftsmen whose skill and artistry date back to the Middle Ages.

With a small team of artist, apprentice, and two assistants, Sam Caldwell is busy piecing together and matching up the medieval glass.

Sam Caldwell knows every inch of glass in the cathedral. He is said to have the widest knowledge of medieval stained glass of anyone in Europe, but with a shy smile he says, "Why, in a lifetime I've hardly learned anything about ancient glass-makers. Their secrets are hard to discover."

Yet the famous Etienne Houbert at Chartres Cathedral turned to Sam for help and advice in restoring the famous Chartres windows. They are old friends—83-year-old Etienne and 87-year-old Sam.

Before the war Sam often went to France to talk glass with Etienne and to see the famous windows of French cathedrals.

"But there's nothing in Europe so beautiful as ours," Sam says with pride. He loves every inch of the glass at Canterbury.

"It's the same period as the glass at Chartres," he says. "And we've learned a great deal from each other on preservation and restoration."

Yet in the 80 years that Canterbury glass-makers and Chartres glass-makers have been in touch with each other no one has discovered where their ancient forebears got the sand it takes to make the glorious colors of ruby, gold, cobalt, powder-blue, and green.

"We fire the glass in our kiln," Sam told me. He is too old to do more than direct the work, yet he is in his workshop every day from 8.30 a.m. training his team which he started building up last year.

"They will succeed me when I pass on," he said, "and I hope to teach them everything I know."

Sam learned his trade from his father, also Samuel Caldwell. He was fourteen when he started, and earned 2/6 a week.

The Caldwells owned the glass factory in those days, but, as Sam has no son to succeed him, the cathedral took over the factory with some of the money raised in other countries, including Australia, for the restoration of this "Great Church," as it is always known in England.

Samuel Caldwell, the father, worked with his uncle, George Austin, who had in turn succeeded his father, George Austin, the great-grand-uncle of present-day Sam.

"But it was the Caldwells who rescued the ancient glass and it is their efforts and love of the glass in Canterbury Cathedral that saved its rich treasures," Sam says.

Works long hours

THROUGH disintegration much of the glass would be lost today, for there were periods when its beauty was not appreciated.

"To illustrate how the Victorians behaved," Sam said, "my great-uncle George Austin pulled down the Norman Tower and built the North-west Tower."

He shook his head and his cheery little face became very sad as he said, "That was a great mistake, it could have been restored."

All Sam's people are buried in the cathedral, but Sam will not join this old family of glass-makers in their resting place, for it is now forbidden to bury anyone within the city walls.

At five o'clock any evening you can see Sam's assistants leaving the tiny 16th-century oak-beamed building where Sam set the present factory up. But Sam stays on, slowly and

shakily piecing his lovely glass together.

"The difficulty in matching up the new glass with the old is getting the color right, because the old glass has toned down with age," Sam said.

The art of matching is in the painting of the design and the firing of the glass. Much of Sam's work is indistinguishable from the old, and his young assistant, John Baker, who will take over when Sam gives up, is his greatest admirer.

"There doesn't seem anything Mr. Caldwell doesn't know," he said. "Yet there is no royal route to the knowledge, just trial and error over the years until perfection is reached."

"Ruby glass is the hardest to match up," Sam says. He claims that the way he works now is exactly the same as the method used by the glass-makers of the Middle Ages.

"Only change in glass-making," he says, "is the process of cutting—we cut with steel wheels."

Sam Caldwell learned drawing as part of his apprenticeship in glass-making at the local school. But his brother, Edmund Caldwell, was a well-known artist and R.A.

Though Sam is now installed with his glass factory in a lovely old house on the tiny river that flows round the cathedral, most of his life was spent in the cathedral glass workshop in the Archbishop's Palace.

"Where the Archbishop's dining-room is now we had our workshop, and the stone-masons and carpenters were there, too. Now it has been enlarged and restored," he said.

Canterbury Cathedral has the best stained glass in all England. It is older and more beautiful than in any other church.

The work of making modern glass goes on in the glassworks alongside that of restoration.

Just designed are the memorial windows to Archbishop Lang—a roundel like those in Chartres Cathedral depicting the life of St. Stephen.

The new kilns Sam has had installed in his factory take a whole window and firing takes 24 hours.

When I met Sam Caldwell, the last of his medieval stained glass windows, removed for World War II, were being replaced.

"I had just replaced the windows taken down for World War I when I had to remove them for World War II," he said.

Which Twin has the Toni

and which the expensive Perm?

(See answer below)



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It's hard to tell who has the TONI and who has the expensive wave! Alva, the Anderson twin at the right, has the TONI!

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Every day, someone is planning a party for children, and what fun they are if properly organized. Four prize-winners in The Australian Women's Weekly Cookery Contest show how to run a party for twenty. Complete menu... working schedule... party programme... everything down to the very last detail. And they are only a few of the many detailed plans for every kind of party, published in

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Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry for the natural oils which sun, salt water and wind draw from your scalp! If you don't replace these oils you're in for dry scalp and 'HUNGRY HAIR'.

Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supple-

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LARGE 2-
SMALL 1-3

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant,
together with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Are captives
in the undersea country of
Atalan. Ruler of Atalan
QUEEN ALINA: Takes Mandrake
on a whale hunt, but leaves Narda

behind as a hostage. Narda sus-
pects that the Queen wants to
marry Mandrake. During the
hunt Mandrake and the Queen
are trapped among killer whales
and sharks. They are saved by
the magnetic light beams of Atalan,
which pull them down to safety.
NOW READ ON:



DOWN, DOWN,
MILE AFTER MILE,
THEIR METAL ARMOR
DRAWN BY THE MAGNETIC
LIGHT--DOWN TO THE DOME
OF ATALAN AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



SAFE ONCE MORE IN A WATER LOCK IN THE DOME, ALINA,
QUEEN OF ATALAN, EMBRACES MANDRAKE. "YOU
SAVED MY LIFE!" SHE SAYS. "WE WILL BE MARRIED
AT ONCE!" "PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL
YOU'RE CALMER," SAYS MANDRAKE, UNHAPPILY.



IN THE DOME OF ATALAN,
QUEEN ALINA SMILES
HAPPILY AT MANDRAKE.
"WE WILL ANNOUNCE OUR
MARRIAGE AT ONCE.
THERE'LL BE A GREAT
FESTIVAL! YOU SHALL BE
KING OF ATALAN!"



"BUT ALINA, I LOVE NARDA," SAYS MAN-
DRAKE. "THE QUEEN SNARLS. 'FAH, I AM
TWICE AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS.' 'COULD
BE, BUT I LOVE HER,' REPEATS MANDRAKE."



"YOU ARE TOO LATE, MANDRAKE," SAYS THE QUEEN, COLD-
LY. "THESE TWO WARRIORS HAVE ALREADY SPOKEN FOR
NARDA. ONE OF THEM WILL MARRY HER." "TOO LATE?
BUT I'VE KNOWN HER FOR --YEARS," SAYS MANDRAKE.
"--NOT IN ATALAN," SAYS THE
QUEEN, GRIMLY



THE TWO WARRIORS BATTLE FOR NARDA IN THE
ANCIENT ATALAN MANNER -- WITH STICKS AND
STONES. THE BATTLE IS FURIOUS -- AND SHORT!



"I REFUSE TO MARRY HIM," SAYS NARDA, FURIOUSLY. --
"VERY WELL," SAYS THE QUEEN. "I SUPPOSE OUR
CUSTOMS ARE STRANGE TO YOU."



"BUT I WON HER IN FAIR COMBAT. IT IS THE LAW!"
CRIES THE VICTOR. --- "NEVER FEAR, TOLTIX: YOU
WILL HAVE HER," SMILES ALINA, QUEEN OF ATALAN.

TO BE CONTINUED



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FOR BETTER LIVING

Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 20 Ash St., Sydney.

VLGT-49

Only Two People

Continued from page 7

DEREK smiled. "It's pretty important to you, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I've wanted to be a doctor ever since I was a child, and I'm pretty determined. Of course, I like other things, too." She smiled.

"Boy friends and clothes and dances—all those things. That's what makes it hard sometimes. But I've decided you simply have to organise your life around what you have to do. I mean, if you want something you have to go after it. You can't take it for granted. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," thought Derek, "that's just what I've been trying to work out for the past five hours."

"What do you do?" she was asking, now.

"Well," he said, searching for the right way to put it. "At the moment, I don't really know. Nothing."

"Oh," she looked disappointed.

"I used to do things. I mean, I had a job in a stockbroker's office, and before that I was in the Army, and before—" He broke off, embarrassed. "Who does he look like? The baby, I mean?"

She laughed, and it was a short, delicious laugh. "He's the image of his mother."

Her mirth was infectious; they laughed together.

It was only later, after the Berri-fields had returned and Jack had taken the girl home, that Derek realised he had failed to learn her name or where she lived.

They were sitting in front of the fireplace, he and Jack and Daisy, with drinks at their fingertips and cigarette smoke wreathing their faces, trying to conjure up the old companionship. Their conversation was familiar: the job, the domestic arrangements, so-and-so was married, so-and-so had a baby, so-and-so was engaged. But something was lacking.

"I'm lacking," thought Derek. "I don't fit in any more." There was something so settled, so unchanging here, that he was growing physically restless. When he had finished his drink, he stood up.

"Don't go yet," said Jack. "Stay the night," said Daisy. "We still have room, even with the baby."

Derek wavered for a moment. If he stayed, he would see Joan first thing in the morning and apologise. But apologise for what? For wanting to make something real out of his life? For wanting to go into politics, perhaps, and help make some sense out of the world?

"No, thanks," he said. "I really have to go." Then he remembered the girl, and he sat down again. "What did you say her name was—the girl who was here?"

"You mean our sitter?" asked Daisy. "I suppose we did forget to introduce you. She's Kathy Denby."

"She's studying to be a doctor?"

"Oh, yes," said Daisy. "Isn't that original?"

The remark was typical, thought Derek. It was just what Joan would have said.

"You never told us," Jack was saying. "When's the wedding?" But before Derek had time to answer, Daisy broke in. "It's simply ages since I've seen Joan. Why don't you two come for dinner next Saturday?"

Derek hesitated. "That would be nice—but—Friday might be better." "All right—make it Friday," said Jack.

"Darling, you forgot. We have bridge with the Lamonds on Friday."

"We could break it."

"But we promised, and besides, I've already asked Kathy."

"That's all I wanted to know," Derek thought. He was pleased. But he felt more than a little sorry for Jack. "Maybe Saturday will be

all right," he said. "I'll check with Joan and let you know."

On Monday evening Derek stood at the telephone in the hallway; he read all the numbers scrawled on the yellowed wall, and all the names, and wondered who they were and what they had said. But he could not think of anything to say to Joan. He put his pennies back in his pocket and went upstairs to his room.

Tuesday, after lectures, he went to the phone again. While he listened to the buzz of Joan's number, he imagined how the phone would ring in the lampit hall, and Joan would run for it.

"Hello," she would say. "Is that you, Derek? I'm so glad you rang."

"It's all right," she would say. "I thought it over and I don't mind about the house. It doesn't matter where we live, to start, and I do understand."

He could imagine her curved lips close to the mouthpiece, and her smooth hair falling over her face as she bent above the phone. His heart started to beat very quickly.

But no one answered the phone.

On Wednesday night, the landlady called him to the phone. He dropped his book and ran downstairs.

"Hello, Derek." Her voice was very faint.

"Is that you, Joan?"

"Well, haven't you anything to say?"

"I can hardly hear you."

"I'm shouting," she said. "Have you changed your mind?"

"No."

Derek could hear thousands of wires humming. It was a long, lonely sound.

"I'm going to the dance at the surf club on Saturday night," said Joan. "If you care to see me—"

"Let's not be silly about this."

"It's you that's being silly, and stubborn, too."

"Look here, Joan—" he said. But the wire was dead.

He was standing at the Berri-fields' door, his hand poised on the knocker, when he had his first qualm. Suppose, after all, they had not gone to the Lamonds. But then, knowing Daisy, he decided that wasn't likely. Derek let the knocker fall.

KATHY opened the door more quickly this time. "Oh," she gasped. "It's you." And then she laughed. "Obviously—but you did give me a start, coming out of the fog again."

She was as lovely as he had remembered, only this time she had let her dark hair fall softly around her face. Her dress was caught at the neck with a silver brooch, and Derek saw, with pleasure, that she was dressed up as if she were expecting company.

"They're out again," she said. "I'm so sorry."

Derek grinned. "I'm not. I might as well confess. I knew they'd be out. My favorite scout informed me."

They went into the living-room, but when Kathy sat down she did not open her book. She looked across the room at Derek, and there was a suspicion of amusement in her surprising blue eyes.

"Since confessions are in order," she said—"while your man was scouting, mine was busy, too."

"What did he get for you?"

"That you grew up here, and your father was the Adam Linton. You had a brilliant record at school, and you were in the Army for three years."

She was blushing now. "And you're engaged."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 8, 1949

Only Two People

Continued from page 38

DEREK winced. "Very good," he said. "But did he tell you that I'm six-foot two? That I never drink or smoke except when I'm steamed up over something? Well, my maternal grandfather was a politician, and, unfortunately, I've acquired some of his political ambition."

"Unfortunately?"

"It doesn't fit the pattern. You see, it means that I want to study law instead of doing what's expected of me."

"Sounds very complicated."

"That's why I came back to talk to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. Because the other night you seemed so sure of yourself and what you wanted to do. At least you can understand how I feel. . . ."

"And besides," Derek went on to himself, "I just wanted to see you again. I like the way you look and the way you talk and seem to think my thoughts so that sometimes you put into words exactly what I want to say."

"Are you really—" Kathy was saying, "are you really engaged?"

Derek opened a silver box that lay on the coffee-table and took a cigarette and offered one to Kathy. "I don't know," he said, watching the yellow flame of his lighter illumine the fine planes of her face. "What about you?"

She was silent a moment. Two feathers of smoke curled in the lamplight. "No," she said, "I'm not."

She stood up. "I'd better go and see if the baby is covered. And you'd better be going. I don't want you to go."



"Merely an audible confirmation. I'll see you at seven—dinner and movie."

She smiled. "But they'll be back soon, and it would seem odd."

"I don't want to go," He followed her into the hall. "Look," he said, "To-morrow is Saturday. Whose baby do you sit with on Saturday night?"

She turned with one hand on the hannister. "I'm not sitting to-morrow night."

"You're dancing, then; you're going out with me. Seven o'clock. I'll call for you."

Kathy started up the stairs. "I live in Bay Street," she said. "Second house on the right."

Bay Street was not pretty. Here were no clipped hedges, no spacious lawns; only two rows of weather-board houses. Derek imagined that half the houses would have signs at the windows, saying, Rooms To Let—No Vacancies. In the evening, the old people would sit on the porches and stare into the street with vacant eyes.

As he stopped the car in front of the second house, the door opened and Kathy ran down the steps. She

wore a black dress, and her hair was braided around her small head. Watching her, Derek thought, "This girl is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen."

They drove to the top of a hill, so that they saw, far off, the lights of the city casting an aureole of red on the sky. And Derek felt that it was there, among the thousands of people he would never know and yet might touch in some way, that he belonged, and Kathy, too. He knew then what he had to do. It would not be easy, but he had to do it.

"Kathy," he said, "We're going dancing. Come on."

At the surf club they sat a little apart from the crowd at a table for two.

Kathy was a good dancer, and they moved easily around the crowded floor, giving themselves to the music and the sweetness of the evening.

Then, over Kathy's dark head, he saw Joan. He had expected to see her. It was as he had planned. But for a moment he wished they had not come. She was sitting with the Lamonds and an older man.

If she had seen him, she gave no sign. She was turned slightly from the dance floor, and one shapely, tanned arm rested casually over the back of her chair. Her white dress was cut low, and her hair was a straight fall of gold to her shoulders.

When he left Kathy at their table, her eyes smiled at him and wished him luck. "What do you say?" he wondered, as he walked across the floor. "What do you say when you break your engagement?"

He smiled at the Lamonds and asked Joan to dance. As soon as he saw her face, he knew she had been watching him. But she took his proffered arm gracefully, without pausing to introduce him to her friend.

"Leave it to Joan never to make a scene," thought Derek as he put his arm around her cool, unyielding body and led her on to the dance floor.

"She's very pretty," said Joan finally. There was anger in her voice, but no tears. "So that explains your perfectly ghastly behaviour."

"No," thought Derek, "that's not the explanation at all. The truth is much bigger than a pretty girl. It had to do with a way of life and people and the world. I've tried to explain it to you, but there really isn't any use."

So he just said, "I suppose that's the explanation all right."

"Did you have to bring her here, where everyone would see her?"

"That's all she really cares about," thought Derek. "I don't matter. She just took me for granted along with everything else. And yet I did love her. She was part of my life."

He found himself murmuring, "I'm sorry, Joan."

They danced in a silence that was almost unbearable, until Joan said, "Then it is all over. I see it had to be. I couldn't understand you. I'm sorry, too."

For a moment he thought she was going to cry, but then she gave a quick laugh and tossed her head back and said, "Who is she, anyway? Where does she come from?"

"As if it mattered," thought Derek. And then the music stopped. He left Joan with her friends and turned quickly and went back to Kathy.

After a while, he said, "Kathy, darling, I was thinking—there are thousands of babies who need sitters in this city."

"Undoubtedly," she said.

"And don't you think if I were studying and you were studying, we could sit together?"

She laughed, and Derek looked up and laughed, too, imagining the strange rooms where they might be, and the law books and the medical books piled on the coffee-tables.

Their eyes met and their hearts dissolved in laughter. They were the only two people in the world.

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FATHER and

Mother looked around the room.

"Well, all over," Mother said. "The living-room and the dining-room and the hall and stair-well. I think the green," she said. "With the cedar furniture and this wood-work. It's such a soft green, don't you think? I think the sofa would look well against it, too. I can just see that room with green walls."

"Green it is," Father said. "Maybe I can take a couple of days off some time next month and try it."

"Next month?" Mother said. "Next month? Why wait till next month? Why take time off to do it? It only takes a few slaps with the brush. You can do it in an hour or two," she said.

Father took a big breath again. "Well, I'll see what I have to do on Saturday," he said. "You get the green if you want it. I still think the peach is pretty."

"I got the green," Mother said. "I thought maybe I could help you to-night. I can move furniture and wipe up the spots you spill."

"Ye gods!" Father said. "To-night!"

It smelled like sour milk when we came downstairs in the morning. Mother was standing in the living-room doorway all smiles.

"Doesn't it look lovely?" she said. "You've got the smartest father in the world, I believe."

Telltale Hands Continued from page 9

Father was drinking coffee. "Anyway, the tireddest," he said.

"I don't suppose you have time to help me get the pictures back up before you go?" Mother said.

"Good-bye, coffee," Father said, and got up from the table.

"You know," Mother said, "I think I'll have that old frame refinished. That one your mother gave me. And a mirror put in it for over the desk. It shouldn't cost much. And we saved a lot on that redecorating. I think I'll use a different color in the hall. I'll get that to-day. What color do you think would go well," she said, "with the green?"

"Peach," Father said. He was holding a picture. "Is this right?" he said. "I've got to hurry or I'll miss my bus."

"I got yellow," Mother told Father that night. "The hall and stair-well shouldn't take long."

"It was one o'clock last night," Father said.

"Well, I know," Mother said, "but that's a big living-room. Then on Saturday you can do the dining-room, and it'll be all done."

"Won't that be nice?" Father said. "Everything fresh and sweet but Father!"

"Well, you are sweet," Mother said. "And I'm crazy about it. It's like a new room. Everything shows up better. It makes everything look

better. Except that chair of yours. If you wouldn't sleep in it all the time you could keep it nicer."

"But then I'd wear out my bed," Father said.

"I wonder," Mother said, "if Mr. Brown could get it back in time."

"What?" Father said.

"If he could get it back in time for the party," Mother said.

"Are we having a party?" Father said.

"Well, didn't you tell me to?" Mother said. "You act as if you didn't know all about it. I try to do what you want me to, and you forget what it's all about. Don't tell me now they aren't coming."

"Who?" said Father.

"Ray and Helen Smith," Mother said. "Remember? The party you told me to have for Helen?"

"Me?" Father said. "A party? I thought a—just a dinner or a—"

"You don't have people like Helen Gleason over just for dinner," Mother said. "With the family."

"You don't?" Father said. "Why not?"

"Try to remember," Mother said through her teeth. "This is Helen Gleason. The Helen Gleason."

Mother looked funny.

"Don't you like her?" I said.

Mother looked down at me. Her mouth curled up on one side. "You don't like people like Helen Gleason," she said.

"You don't?" Father said.

"No," Mother said. "You don't."

"Well, I do," Father said. "I always liked Helen. Ray wouldn't have married her if she hadn't been nice. She had something, Helen did."

B

ITTING off a fingernail she had torn on baby's high chair, Mother said: "Indeed she did. Nice long fingernails, for instance. An orderly house and no children. I was there once. That time I visited Florence. She had a tea. Cateresses all over the place and maids opening the doors. You don't like people like Helen Gleason. You just try to impress them!"

"Yes," Father said.

"It's going to be extra nice, too," Mother said.

"I'll bet it is," Father said. "What is it going to be?"

"A luncheon," Mother said. "A week from to-day. For twenty."

"Have you asked Helen?" Father said.

"Well, naturally," Mother said. "I rang her at the hotel. I've talked to her several times. She's been very busy looking for a house. They're moving in to-day."

"Oh, did they get a house?" Father said. "That's nice."

"It probably is," Mother said. "I'm going to have devilled crab," she said, "and you know that salad we had at the Stairs? That night they had the fish dinner?"

"I didn't like it," Father said.

"I did," Mother said. "And that cateress makes it to perfection."

"But can you?" Father said.

"I've got that cateress," Mother said. "After all, we saved a lot on the painting."

The next night Mother brought in upside-down cake for dessert, Father's favorite. "Everything's working out so well," she said.

"What is?" Father said.

"Well, I can get it back Wednesday," Mother said. "And he had a remnant that's perfect with the carpet. I know I'm going to like it. And I saved a lot having that remnant. And you wouldn't have time to sit in it, anyway, over the week-end."

"Wouldn't I?" Father said. "In what?"

"Your chair," Mother said. "I'm having it redone. It's beautiful stuff—flowered and quaint-looking."

"I don't look good in flowers," Father said, "and I'm not quaint at all."

"You are, too," Mother said.

"You're darling. You're going to finish the hall and stair-well to-night, aren't you? And the dining-room to-morrow?"

"I thought I might sit down to-morrow night," Father said.

"Well, some time over the week-end I thought you might help me polish the downstairs floors," Mother said.

"Can't Edna do that?" Father said.

"She's changed days for me," Mother said. "She's coming Friday instead next week to help serve."

"After all?" Father said. "It's only Helen Smith. She's just a human being."

"Well, all right," Mother said.

"All right, if you don't care. I'm doing it for your sake."

"For my sake?" Father said.

"We don't want them to think we're not getting on, do we?" Mother said. "I mean you did go to school with him, didn't you? You want to look successful, don't you?"

"Well, yes," Father said. "We are successful. Look what we have—a nice home, a standing in the community, a very good job, three fine boys—"

"Children!" Mother said. "Helen and Ray haven't any children. People like that just think children mess up a place."

"Then let 'em!" Father yelled.

He stamped down to the basement to mix his paint. Mother started to get Bumps ready for bed.

"Aren't you glad you've got children?" Paul said.

"Of course I'm glad," Mother said. "Of course I am."

"Maybe we could go away till after the party," Paul said.

"Silly!" I said. "Where could we go?"

"We could put up the tent," Paul said.

Mother laughed and hugged him. "You're sweet," she said. "Your hair doesn't gleam and your eyes aren't blue and your fingernails are awful, but I love you, so stay, won't you?" she said.

"We'll help," I said. "Me and Paul can polish, can't we, Paul?"

It looked like a different house by Thursday night. It was so clean all over.

"Doesn't it look nice?" Mother said.

"Um-hum!" Father said. "As if no one lived here. And you look dead. Where'd you put the children?"

"Not out of the way," mother laughed. "Paul and Bumps had their meal early. They're in bed looking at books. We have to eat in the kitchen. I'm going to bed as soon as I get through with the dishes and get out the linen and dishes for to-morrow. I really think it's going to be nice."

"Yes," Father said. "I wonder if it's worth all the trouble. I still think we could just have had them over for dinner."

"And then the husband could have come too," I said.

"Men don't understand," Mother said. "You have your good friends over for dinner. People who like to sit and talk to. People who like your children. People who like you even if your wallpaper is stained. If I wanted to be friends with Ray and Helen and see a lot of them, I'd have them over for dinner so we could talk over old times. This is different, see?"

"I see," Father said. "It certainly is. But just the same, I like Ray. He was about my best friend at one time. We like the same things. I used to use his darkroom. One summer we had a job together at a garage. We had to work shifts. One slept while the other watched the pump to see that everything was O.K."

MOTHER

laughed. "That always makes for a lasting friendship," she said. "You get to know each other so well."

"Yes," Father said. "He's a nice fellow, Ray."

"You said that," Mother said.

"Nice men ought to be careful who they marry if they want to keep their old friends. Helen Gleason was not—"

"Yes," Father said. "I know. She had long fingernails and sand-colored shoes. Any fool ought to know better than to marry into that."

It looked wonderful in the dining-room when we came home from school at lunchtime on Friday. There were just beautiful flowers in the middle of the table and the prettiest tablecloth we have. And in the sun-room another table and more flowers. There was a woman cooking, and Edna was all dressed up in a white dress and apron and even a little kind of a nurse's cap on.

"You look wonderful," I told her, but she said, "Humph!" and made faces at the cap in the mirror.

"Do we get some of everything?" I asked Mother.

She was fixing some flowers. "I have some nice soup for you and Paul," she said.

"I don't want soup," Paul said. "I want some of the stuff she's making. I want some ice-cream."

"The ice-cream can't be unpacked now," Mother said. "You'll get some of everything to-night."

"We want it now," I said. "Why do the visitors have to have everything? I hate soup."

"Eat your soup like good boys," Mother said. "Hilda's getting it for you. And when you come home from school this afternoon she'll give you some ice-cream."

"There's no school this afternoon," I said. "Teachers' meeting."

"Good grief!" Mother said. "Eat that soup and let me think!"

Maybe it would have been all right if it had been a nice day. But it was raining. Mother took Bumps upstairs for his nap. Me and Paul got all cleaned up in our best clothes and we were going up there too.

We were supposed to stay in the other room from Bumps, and mother got us a lot of books and games and comics and paints and crayons, and she said for us to be quiet as mice so as not to wake Bumps and when he woke up to come down and get Edna to take care of him and to do it quietly. Then we could come in like gentlemen, so we must keep clean for it.

Mother had on her good blue dress, and she was doing something to her fingernails.

Please turn to page 41

"Freckle-face"

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What uses do you know of for Mitcham Lavender Water?

Since before grandmother's day Mitcham Lavender Water has been a perfume for which women have found endless uses. It is a refreshing perfume on handkerchiefs . . . a refresher



after bathing . . . and is even used to cool a room in summer. You must know many many uses for Mitcham Lavender Water—

POTTER & MOORE

English creators of fine perfumery for 200 years.

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£2/2/- will be awarded for the best suggestions—which will be used in subsequent advertising. It is easy money—write now.



Bottles from 3/3 to 18/6

LW

INECTO

HAIR COLOURING



in 30 minutes
restores your
hair to
its natural
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INECTO

HAIR COLOURING
Consult your Hairdresser
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NEW REDUCED PRICE
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A piece of personal jewelry as well as a highly efficient lighter. In hard-wearing gold plate.

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Asthma Congestion Relieved 1st Day

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Quickly Mendaco — the prescription of a famous doctor — circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No doses, no emetics, no injections. — Just take pleasant, tasteful, wooden tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free easy breathing in 24 hours and so completely satisfy you money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist.

The guarantee protects you. **Mendaco** Arrests Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever
Now in 2 sizes 6/- and 12/-

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR EASILY REMOVED AT HOME



Hundreds of women are overjoyed at the easy way the famous Swedish Wax Peels remove unsightly hair, without discomfort, leaving the skin clean, velvety, baby smooth, and lovely. Successfully removes stubborn hair in a few seconds. The hair comes right out — out newly from face, arms, legs and back of neck, regrows, no "shaved" look. Pure, safe, natural ingredients — no smelly chemicals. Positively non-irritating. Sold on Money-back Guarantee for only 10/- post free. Sent under plain wrapper. Send Money Order substantial as any P.O. to-day to: Dept. A, Southern Gilbert Co., a Hulseat St., Wellington, N.Z.

Telltale Hands

Continued from page 40

MAYBE Bumps hadn't even gone to sleep yet. Or maybe Paul woke him up when he went in there to get a pencil. Anyway, Bumps started crying. At first we just let him cry, but then I thought I ought to do something about it, so I went in. Bumps screamed harder than ever.

So I thought it would be best to let him get up and I gave him an old coloring book and a great big paintbrush and some liquid paints that come in tubes. He sat on the floor in his pyjamas and painted purple all over the pages of the book and was good and quiet.

Paul and I were painting. We had great big sheets of paper and we were painting farms and I didn't notice Bumps was gone till all of a sudden it seemed so quiet.

"Hey, where's Bumps?" I yelled. "He must've gone down," Paul said.

We dropped our paintbrushes and ran. It's a wonder we didn't fall sooner, because Bumps had taken the tube of purple paint with him and it was spilled everywhere. But anyway Paul did fall at the top of the steps. Bumps had spilled quite a lot right there in the hall and Paul slipped.

Mother had just let someone in and was bringing them upstairs. I knew it was the lady because Mother said, "Helen, dear, it's wonderful to see you again!"

And on the landing was Bumps painting the new yellow walls purple, and his pyjamas and his face were purple, too. It was a mess! It wasn't only the purple paint splashed everywhere, and Bumps screaming like mad because Paul had knocked him over. Or Mother, white-faced and trying to see if Bumps was hurt and trying to comfort him. But Paul wasn't crying.

It scared me. He just sat there with his face in his hands facing downstairs. The lady looked scared, too. I started running downstairs. "Are you hurt, Paul?" I yelled. "Hey, Mother!" I yelled. "Paul's hurt!"

His hands were all blood. His face was bleeding. The lady stooped down.

"It's only a bleeding nose," she said, and her voice was soft and quiet. She pulled a handkerchief out of her bag and started to wipe his face. She had on a green suit with a pretty blouse. Blood got on the blouse. "Get a wet cloth," she told me, and I ran up to the bathroom to get one.

Mother had been working for a couple of weeks to get ready for that lady. We'd been tiptoeing around the house.

Now look at it. Purple paint all over the walls, blood all over the steps and the lady. And the baby, that Mother had meant to show off after his nap when he was fresh and rosy and in his new white suit, with a big black-and-blue bump over his eye and a scratch on his cheek and all purple paint and in his pyjamas. I was thinking all that while I was wetting the cloth in the bathroom.

I gave the cloth to the lady. "Get another one for the baby's head," she told me, and she was helping Paul with his nose, having him lie back on the landing.

Mother looked stunned. She didn't seem to be able to move, except to rock Bumps a little bit. I got another cloth. The lady put it on Bumps' head and looked at Paul.

"It's stopping," she said. "Now," she said, "let's get at that wall. It's water-noble paint, isn't it? Just put on? I can mix up a little and cover that in no time. Before anyone comes. It won't be dry, but it'll be better than it is now, and it's that side of the landing away from the railing. No one will brush against it there. You get the children back where they belong," she said to Mother, "and I'll fix the wall. You must have some left over," she said to me. "Come on, show me where it is."

"O.K.," I said. "In the basement." We started down the steps and Mother came, too. "Oh, you can't!" she said. "You'll just get your hands all —"

And that was all she said, because she was staring at the lady's hands. I looked, too. Good gosh, they weren't pretty hands at all! Her fingernails weren't long and polished. Her hands weren't white. They were kind of red, with paint marks on them.

The lady put her hands up and looked at them and laughed. "I couldn't get all the paint off," she said. "That house we got a mess. I painted woodwork all the morning."

That lady was wonderful. She fixed that wall in no time. She wiped up what she spilled. She got Paul on his feet and smiling. All while Mother washed Bumps and put him to bed again. The purple didn't show on the wall. Then she went in the bathroom and took off her blouse. She put on her jacket and buttoned it up to her neck.

When I came up from carrying the paint stuff down to the basement everything looked fine. Bumps was asleep. Paul was working a puzzle in the attic. And the ladies had started to come to the party.

I love to look at mother's friends. There were lots of ladies that day with new suits. They had pretty blouses, too, some with sparkly things on them and some that were wool and some that were silk. They all spoke to me and asked me about my school and my music lessons and my brothers and they all kept looking at the lady.

SHE certainly looked pretty. Nobody could have guessed that a few minutes before she had been painting our wall in a bloodstained blouse. When I went upstairs to stay with Paul the ladies had buttoned their suit jackets up to their necks and the pretty blouses didn't show.

That evening Mother was humming and putting warmed-up deviled crab on the table when Father came sneaking in the back way.

"Back to normal?" he said. "How'd it go? Did you impress her to pieces?"

"Almost," Mother said. "Sit down, everyone. We're ready. You're not doing anything on Tuesday, are you?" she said, tying Bumps' bib. "I've invited Ray and Helen over for dinner."

Father dropped his napkin ring on the floor. "Huh!" he said. "With the family?"

"Of course," Mother said. "With both families. Why didn't you tell me they were getting a child?"

"Ray and Helen?" Father said. "What do you mean they're getting a child? When?"

"To-morrow," Mother said. "What?" Father said. "To-morrow? How can they?"

"I don't know," Mother said. "They're adopting it. It's a relative — I didn't quite get just how it happened. You didn't know?"

"No, I didn't know," Father said. He wasn't eating. He kept looking at Mother. "You mean you stopped hating her because of that?" he said.

"How you talk!" Mother said. "Stopped hating her, indeed! Helen is one of my oldest friends."

Father was still looking at Mother from under his eyebrows.

So I thought I'd help him. "Her hands aren't a bit pretty," I said. "Red and two broken fingernails. And green paint in some places."

Father smoothed his napkin out in his lap very carefully. "You can tell a lot about people by their hands," he said very slowly.

(Copyright)

Mrs. Jack Davey

(wife of famous
RADIO STAR),
says:



"Here's a new
breakfast taste
sensation — **Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES!**"

WHAT DO YOU SEE — when you open the packet? You see crisp, firm, honey-brown flakes.

WHAT HAPPENS — when you add milk? Each flake stays crisp and firm. They don't lie down — never go limp and soggy.



DELICIOUS!

The BEST Part
of WHEAT with
BRAN added

You get that new, exciting flavour in a flash. Like Mrs. Jack Davey — you never knew that wheat could taste as wonderful as this! Suddenly you realise that the added bran makes as much difference to wheat as butter to dry bread!

And now for the first time you are getting the full value of nourishing, sun-ripened wheat, PLUS the gentle laxative properties of bran. Ask for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Serve them to all your family.



**Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES**

MILDLY LAXATIVE — specially good for children

COMPLETE PROTECTION

Each application of ODO-RO-NO cream gives you complete protection from underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days.

ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin
ODO-RO-NO will not harm clothing
ODO-RO-NO does not dry in the jar

Protect yourself from perspiration and odour as millions of users do, too



ODO-RO-NO
THE PERFECT CREAM DEODORANT

A.C. 104

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells About Grey Hair Remedy to Use at Home

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, which can be made up for you by any chemist at small cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Oriol Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown, or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ Command Decision

EVERY now and again one of the film studios turns out an all-male film that is so satisfactory you wonder why it happens so seldom.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Command Decision," an air force drama in which the characters are men in the G.H.Q. of an England-based bomber command, is a film in point.

In casting, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has dredged deeply into masculine star resources and come up with Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, John Hodiak, Charles Bickford, Edward Arnold, and a number of featured players.

There is no romantic interest in the ordinary sense, nor is it needed.

Clark Gable has his best part in a long time as "the old man"—Brigadier General "Casey" Dennis, rugged, independent soldier, who fights a shooting war because he sees things that way, although it means sending out crews to almost certain destruction, and coming into conflict with higher-ups because of excessive losses.

The more difficult role of adroit, politically wily Maj-General Kane, his superior officer, is skillfully acted by Walter Pidgeon, whose handling of a visiting group of congressional committeemen is masterly.

On the lighter side, Van Johnson is excellent as a brash technical sergeant with a cynical approach both to the war and the men who run it.

Then there are John Hodiak as Gable's squadron leader friend; Brian Donlevy, the armchair warrior who takes over his command; Charles Bickford, the conscientious newspaper correspondent, and Edward Arnold in the role of the loud-mouthed congressman—all vital to this well-rounded production.

"Command Decision" is not just another war film. The background is air force, and there are some poignant moments, but the dominating theme is human emotions rather than battle spectacle.

It is screening at the St. James.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

★ Silent Dust

ROLAND and Michael Pertwee's play "The Paragon," renamed "Silent Dust," comes to the screen under Associated British Pictures' banner.

It is a modest, creditable film with stately backgrounds and a fair amount of dramatic punch.

Blind, self-made industrialist Robert Rawley has a fixation complex about his son—reported killed in action.

On the eve of the unveiling of a memorial in a town where he was little known, Simon Rawley, the son, turns up as a deserter, blackmailer, and murderer, on the run and desperate for funds.

Out of sympathy for the blind man, and fearful of his reactions, his wife and daughter-in-law attempt to hide Simon's return from his father, preferring to pay over the blackmail, but in a series of suspenseful events he discovers the truth.

A monstrous tussle develops between blind father and son, when the latter refuses to face up to his misdoings.

There are not many characters in "Silent Dust." Stephen Murray is the harsh but just father, and Nigel Patrick his nasty son, Simon.

There are delightful bits from the late Sir Seymour Hicks and, more briefly, Marie Lohr, and, as a woman in the audience remarked, "It's worth going to a British picture just to see the houses they live in."

The film is showing at the Lyceum.



JOAN CRAWFORD and Cesar Romero, two of Hollywood's best dancers, set the pace for the other guests at a recent filmland party. Joan won many trophies for dancing before attaining stardom as a dramatic actress.

★ Mr. Joseph Young of Africa

FILMGOERS are divided into two groups—pro-ape and anti-ape fans.

The former will discover an ape to end all such gargantuan in "Mr. Joseph Young of Africa." He is a very remarkable fellow indeed.

Rounded up by a team of lasso-twirling cowboys, Mr. Joseph Young is given a contract and brought out of the African wilds with his seventeen-year-old owner, Jill, by the publicity-conscious owner of a new night-club.

The first time people see this outsize gorilla they get prickles down the back of the neck, but Joe and Jill become headliners in the entertainment world.

Though they are both homesick for their native heath, all goes well

within the jungle-like nightspot where captured animals prowls back and forth behind glass partitions, until Mr. Young is given a shot of whisky backstage, tears the place apart, and stops a bullet from a police revolver.

Hotly pursued by police, Joseph, Jill, the night-club owner, and his press agent make a break to a waiting boat for Africa, but passing a burning orphanage Joe stops long enough to save some children, in this way earning the right to proceed to Africa unmolested.

Terry Moore plays Jill Young, African farmer's daughter, who gentles Joseph; Ben Johnson, Oklahoma cowboy turned actor, is Greg, romantic lead; Robert Armstrong is the theatrical producer, and Frank McHugh, the press agent.

An R.K.O. film showing at the Plaza.

Just for completing a JINGLE about
NEW RINSO

£592

1ST PRIZE
(for best entry over
the 12 contests)
**HANDSOME
VAUXHALL TOURER**

OVER

£4,000
IN PRIZES

ENTER NOW!

Big Weekly Confests open and close every Thursday.

Final Contest closes
Thursday, 13th Oct.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO TO ENTER
THE RINSO JINGLE CONTEST

● Write a last line for the New Rinso jingle shown here.

● Get an entry form, free, from the store where you deal. It contains the rules which govern this contest, but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started.

● Write your entry in the space provided on the entry form. You may send in only one entry per contest, but a new contest starts every Thursday and you can enter them all.

COMPLETE THIS JINGLE

New Rinso washes white clothes whiter
Than when they were brand-new
New Rinso washes coloureds brighter

(Example: "To magic suds its due")

Just fill in last line
in your own words.

GET FREE ENTRY FORMS
FROM YOUR STORE!



FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. JOE DOPE, a would-be criminal, hopes that Funnyman will arrest him and make him famous. Joe bashes a jewel thief, and receives only credit. As a trick Larry disguises himself as underworld character Bumphrey Hogart.

As I Read
The
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your co-operation with others is important this week. October 6 and 7 are mildly adverse, October 8 is emotionally stimulating, October 9 adverse and subject to extremes. Watch partnerships, contracts, legal and domestic affairs.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Don't undertake more than you can handle this week. October 5 starts well, but nearing October 8 and 9 health may need extra care and problems could arise at work.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): An exciting but rather unreliable week for those in pursuit of adventure. The most active dates are October 7, 8, and 9. October 8 favors romance and schemes, October 9 is very adverse for quick changes or new enterprises.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your best day this week is October 5, but take care during October 6, 7, 8, and 9 that irritability or emotional tension does not upset home affairs. Keep your mental balance.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A busy week for the mind, but don't let new ideas, reforms, or discussions carry you to extremes during October 8 and 9. Use October 5 and 10 for constructive thought and stick to routine on October 6 and 7.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Use commonsense in handling your finances this week. October 6 and 7 are adverse, October 8 is subject to peculiar gain or loss, October 9 is extremely adverse. Watch your step with others.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Emotional impulse could easily muddle your personal plans if you are not careful nearing October 7, 8, and 9. Use care in speech, and conserve nervous energy. Best days are October 5 and early October 10.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your affairs are subject to hindrance and obstruction. Secret matters are best left alone, especially during October 7, 8, and 9. A musical, psychic, or emotional awakening is likely on October 8 for those responsive to Neptune.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): October 5 is good, but the rest of the week is doubtful. Strange and peculiar episodes affecting attachments, or friends, could mark October 8 and 9. Avoid sudden friendships or erratic behaviour.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): You could be a little restricted in your ambitions, especially from October 7 to 10. October 8 is subject to muddles and delusions; October 9 is not the best day for clear thinking.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): See that your plans are practical this week. Your mental flights of imagination may be exhilarating on October 8, with sudden moves on October 9, but subject to disappointment unless you plan carefully.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Keep an eye on assets, securities, jointly held money, for loss could follow any impractical scheme from October 6 to 9. October 8 could benefit some through inheritance or gifts, and October 9 is quite helpful too.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Comedienne declares holiday to do stand-in work

Accepts lower salary to appear as herself

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Red-haired Lucille Ball, while completing scenes opposite Bob Hope in "Fancy Pants," took a half-day off for work on Columbia's "Woman of Distinction."

The minimum rate of pay for this type of engagement is twenty-five dollars, and that is what Lucille received.

She played the part of herself in a gag scene where she steps off an aeroplane and is mobbed by fans while Ray Milland looks through the window of the waiting-room for Rosalind Russell.

ROBERT TAYLOR is making "The Devil's Doorway" in Colorado, but flew his own plane home one day just to dine with his wife, Barbara Stanwyck. Then he flew right back.

FOX have just bought "Marriage Via the Marshall Plan," probably for Gene Tierney. It will be a change for her after all the heavy drama she has appeared in lately.



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND discusses with director William Wyler how to interpret a scene for her role in "The Heiress." This talented actress is being kept busy following her grand performance in "The Snake Pitt."

AVA GARDNER has been borrowed from M.G.M. by R.K.O. to co-star with Melvyn Douglas in "Carriage Entrance," which was commenced last month by director Robert Stevenson and producer Polan Banks.

Adapted from Banks' best-selling novel of the 1890's, it's the story of a New Orleans belle who uses her beauty and wealth for revenge on a man who jilted her.

PRODUCER Mott Briskin and writer Robert Smith are forming a new company to star Robert Young in "Where Lies My Love," the story of a Californian architect with a persecution complex. Young says it's one of the strongest dramatic roles he has ever appeared in.

PRODUCERS Jack Skirball and Bruce Manning are co-starring Claudette Colbert and Robert Ryan in "Blind Spot," a suspense drama, for R.K.O. release. Claudette has just finished "Bride for Sale," with Robert Young and George Brent, for the same producers.

EN ROUTE to Rome to make "Deported," Swedish star Marta Toren stopped at Stockholm to complete the legal formalities to bring her six-year-old nephew, Dag, here as a ward. He is the son of her sister who died last year.

ROBERT WALKER, who has completely recovered from a nervous breakdown, did so well in "Please Believe Me" that M.G.M. bosses Louis B. Mayer and Dore Schary are rewarding him with a much bigger role as the romantic lead in "Skipper Surprised His Wife," probably for director George Cukor.

ANGELA LANSBURY and Peter Shaw are back in Hollywood after their much postponed London wedding and European honeymoon.

BACK from a European tour, Clifton Webb and his mother were honored guests at a big party at the Mocambo.



JAMES MASON and Barbara Bel Geddes appear as the romantic twosome in this sequence from "Caught," the film in which Mason makes his American screen debut. The talented Barbara has the glamor role of her career.

VINCENT PRICE and Joseph Schildkraut will be in a west coast touring company playing "Julius Caesar" for Richard Whorf, who is at present directing Ronald Colman in the comedy "Champagne for Caesar."

ROBERT PRESTON and 17-year-old John Barrymore, jun., are doing so well in "The Sundowners" that the producers, Alan Lomay and George Templeton, are re-teaming them in a second documentary-type Western which rolls within eight weeks.

THE Cole Brothers' Circus made big money with Burt Lancaster and his old gymnastic act, and they are now offering Al Jolson 35,000 dollars for two weeks travelling with the circus, including a private railroad car, cook, butler, and chauffeur.

AGNES MOOREHEAD is rushing through her scenes as a prison superintendent in Warners' "Locked In" to make a summer sailing to Majorca Island, where she will make "Man From Tangier" with Herbert Marshall, George Sanders, and Patricia Roc.



AZURE BERZOTA, lovely Indian film star, being greeted by Robert Mitchum on her arrival in Hollywood recently. She is visiting the film centre to study production technique.

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"Lovely skin will always cast its own enchanting spell. Care for yours as I do — use Lux Toilet Soap regularly"

says

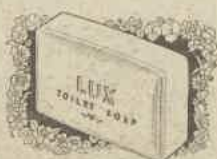
Glynis Johns

starring in the 1st Arthur Rank film "Miranda"

Enchanting Glynis Johns is another star who guards the flower-like beauty of her complexion with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. See what her beauty facials will do for you. Work Lux Toilet Soap's fragrant lather in gently but thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then pat gently to dry with a soft towel. Your skin is softer — has that exciting film star look!

Facts about Glynis Johns

Hair: Light brown
Eyes: Blue grey
Complexion: Creamy fair
Hobbies: Dancing, collecting antique jewellery
Birthday: October 5
Beauty care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap



The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars





BETTY GRABLE (Twentieth Century-Fox) was recorded this year as being the most highly paid woman in the United States. She has appeared recently in a number of period costume technicolor musicals, and her current film showing in Australia is "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend." Wife of band leader Harry James and mother

of two young daughters, Betty has threatened several times to retire from films, but still continues her fabulously successful career. When she completes "Wabash Avenue," with Victor Mature, a period story concerning Chicago World Fair in 1893, she will have a long vacation in California before returning to the studio to star in a modern film.

Time for rejoicing...



A proud occasion for the whole family—and a just reward for their clever daughter. Leaving Certificate with honours in three subjects! A moment made memorable by JEWELX—the watch individually fashioned by Swiss masters and unanimously chosen by the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association as the finest money can buy. Every model is fitted with a 15-jewelled lever movement—built for years of service. Take our advice and order your JEWELX watch in advance because their tremendous popularity keeps them in short supply.

Jewelex The Choice of a Thousand Jewellers

Insignia of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELX" watches can only be purchased at Jewellers displaying this sign.

SLOWED DOWN
by stomach trouble?

If work and pleasure are being slowed down by stomach suffering — **STOP!** — and take a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Just a spoonful in a glass of water—and what a difference to your digestion! The stomach is settled and soothed, pain disappears and you are free to concentrate on the job in hand without a qualm. And that is not all. Not only is relief speedy but it lasts over a protracted period.

The reason for this is because some of the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder, among which is one of the fastest acid neutralisers available, take care of the excess acid in the stomach, bringing immediate relief. Other ingredients spread a protective and soothing coat on the inflamed stomach lining, and also continue to slowly neutralise the acids as they are being formed.

The most striking feature that distinguishes this world-famous standby is the way in which it is repeatedly recommended by one-time sufferers all over the world.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has never failed them. It will never fail you. Get a canister for your cupboard straight away and look forward to a serene and settled stomach. Get the giant 4/6 economy size while you're about it. It contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER
Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain



1 MEETING in Mexico between hardbitten Americans Dobbs (Bogart) and Curtin (Holt) results in the two joining forces and taking construction camp jobs. Their employer decamps with wages.



2 WINNING small lottery and forcibly collecting stolen wages enable Dobbs, young Curtin, and kindly prospector Howard (Huston) to hunt for gold in hills.

Wins Two Awards



Gold-mining story
"TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE" is a double Academy Award winner. For John Huston it won the "best-written screen-play" award. His father, veteran character-actor Walter Huston, won another award for his supporting role as Howard, the philosopher-pro prospector who wins a fortune for himself and partners from the Mexican hills, only to lose it by a trick of fate.

The cast is headed by Humphrey Bogart, in one of the toughest roles of his career, Tim Holt, Bruce Bennett, and Barton MacLane. The film is from Warner Bros.



4 DEMANDING share of treasure, marauding Cody (Bennett) is killed by bandits. Trio quit camp, gold-laden.

3 GREEDINESS leads to fights between three, becoming worse when they strike it rich. Dobbs is always the aggressor.



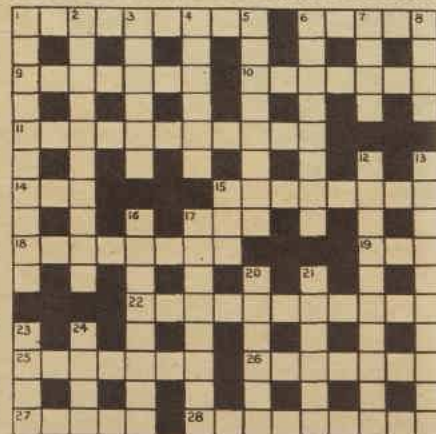
5 FRIENDLY Indians seek help for dying boy, whom Howard remains to save. Later other two have gunfight and Dobbs leaves Curtin for dead, stealing his gold. Curtin revives, later joins Howard.



6 SUFFERING great hardships, Dobbs is finally slain by bandits on the trail. Saddle-bags are ripped open and all the gold unknowingly scattered to the winds.

CROSSWORD No. 62

- ACROSS**
- It's risky, here, to mix it in the pudding (8).
 - The cut of a saucy jumper? (5).
 - Venerated at all times in the sea that Moses crossed (7).
 - The highest place to get tea by the hip when overruled by a good bartender (4, 3).
 - What is this not in order given to a dismissed balm-man? (3, 2, 6).
 - Ruffled the low bird (3).
 - Standard address with bombast and glaring (8).
 - Laurel bark, a reddish-brown kind of window (3).
 - Agitated distress signal more plucky outside the spider's web (6).
 - (Music sty in mouldy surroundings, thus) (3).
 - How washers stiffen fossil resin in court (4, 7).
 - Nasty insect a gramin owes is a terrible object (7).
 - Ped well in a rage a disturbance preceded (7).
 - Wait, your victim should be so before you feather (8).
 - He makes compensation in the matter of kitchen furniture (9).
 - Stable wits (anag.) (10).
 - Standing remarks of a jury, in addition to its verdict, in the matter of the station berdsman (10).
 - Distant (3).
 - What talented examinees should do, and how the average? (8).
 - Pack the wool up. We have to be starting our final beat (8).
 - Take care when introduced to be middling startled (8).
 - He is said to use awful language but is elevating for instance in strip (6).
 - It is said to assist (4).
 - Prince of ballet (4).
- DOWN**
- Raises an asinine utterance with a ring and then gets bolstered, obviously a poor hand at bridge (10).
 - It's evil tea, sir, but a blend will give you new strength (10).
 - I had not to be in stride if instead it would make discord (6).
 - If out don't get contrary or domestic (6).
 - Skittily late, and impudently too (8).
 - Tend to the same point in study on borderline meanings (3).
 - Disappoints in fruit? (4).
 - She's a Biblical character—we would have no pity if she went on her (4).
 - Now here, 11—Mos-hite 12—Ey/7/8 13—A-band-one-d 16—Bedstead (anag.) 17—Clutch 18—Ex-hume 21—C-ben-ill-e 24—B-lack/ e-yes 25—Kerb 26—Dam-ages 29—Electra 30—Ben-d 31—A-nat-o-mists (tan turned).



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 61

ACROSS: 1—Ginger beer. 2—L/ove/red. 3—I-be-x. 4—O-verb-ear. 5—Kim-o-no. 7—T/rick/n. 8—Wren. 9—Carolling (anag.). 14—A-tom-i-c age. 15—Three bears. 18—Cherise. 21—Hillmen. 22—Leet-les. 23—Re-a-son. 26—Odds. 27—Germ.

DOWN: 1—Gold-l-ocks. 6—Stew (wets turned). 10—Now-here. 11—Mos-hite. 12—Ey/7/8. 13—A-band-one-d. 16—Bedstead (anag.). 17—Clutch. 18—Ex-hume. 21—C-ben-ill-e. 24—B-lack/ e-yes. 25—Kerb. 26—Dam-ages. 29—Electra. 30—Ben-d. 31—A-nat-o-mists (tan turned).

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(SGD.) *Julien Simonet.*

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*The Beauty Salon
 April 14, 1949*

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Paris model copies for you at low cost

As a special service to our readers, we have arranged for Fashion Frocks to reproduce at a fraction of their original cost the two delightful Carven frocks presented on this page.

Originals were among the most popular numbers in our just-concluded Paris Fashion Parades. You can get their exact replicas at five guineas for the sun-frock and eight-and-a-half guineas for the linen suit.

CARVEN has achieved fame because her clothes are always in the most perfect taste and have the utmost simplicity, and both the characteristics are shown in these models.

Before selecting these two Carven models for Fashion Frocks, the entire collection flown to Australia for the 1949 Paris-Fashion Parades was inspected thoroughly. This final choice was made because the sun-frock and suit seemed exactly what Australian women would most appreciate for the summer.

The great majority of clothes chosen for the parades by our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Horden, were included because they were styles eminently suitable for copying, and this applies particularly to these two styles. The suit can be worn for any occasion from morning until evening, and the sun-frock comes into the most useful category of all for summer, a many-purpose frock.

The original model of the Carven suit was made in beige linen with a contrasting collar and had Tyrolean embroidery to emphasise and trim the torso, running in a line under the bust, and down the midriff to the hips.

So that our readers can have the widest possible selection when choosing this suit we have planned it in a variety of colors. It is made of linen and is available in rust, tan, white, turquoise, natural, light pink, lemon, and blue.

An added point is that to obtain variety the color combination for the suit and the contrasting collar can be self-chosen from any of the colors given, as long as the choice is stated clearly when ordering.

The quality linen we needed for this distinguished style is available only in limited quantities, and therefore it is most necessary to make a second color choice when placing your order.

The Carven gingham sun-frock is the perfect solution for hot summer days, as its minute top, with frilled sleeves, can be slipped on and off with the greatest ease.

When the top is on, as shown in our illustration, it forms a square-necked yoke, and when it is removed the top of frock is quite plain and has shoulder straps.

The top does up with two little buttons at the back.



CARVEN GINGHAM SUN-FROCK, which has been copied exactly by Fashion Frocks. The little top is easily removable, doing up with two tiny buttons at the back. The frock is made with shoulder-straps.

Price £5/5/-

CARVEN LINEN SUIT, which has been copied by Fashion Frocks. Has a fitted waist and fullness over the hips. The skirt falls in straight lines.

Price £8/18/6

How to order

When ordering your suit and sun-frock send your letter to Fashion Frocks, Pattern Department, at the address given for your State on page 49. State your size and color choices clearly and enclose money orders or postal notes. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

"CARVEN GINGHAM SUN-FROCK."—Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price £5/5/- and 2/- extra registered postage.

"CARVEN LINEN SUIT."—Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price £8/18/6 and 2/6 extra registered postage.

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Says Denise Sarraut
FAMOUS FRENCH MANNEQUIN

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NEW MIRACLE NAIL ENAMEL

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In the lovely cosmetic shades Spring Fashion demands...

- No. 5 (Nouveau Clair)
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- Gay Gossip, First Night,
- Apache, Grenadier Red,
- Mayfair Pink, Natural,
- ... 4/11

Also:
Foundation Film, 4/11
Cuticle Remover, 3/11
Nail Polish Remover, 2/11

- It's based on the latest overseas formula.
- Creamy texture for smoother, deeper lustre.
- It stays on... never a chip, crack, streak, or smear.
- Dries in split seconds to a silken plasticity... In the cleverest bottle—snappy, practical. Quill unscrews to become a handy cuticle-pusher and manicure aid.

4/11

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Delightful — to — use
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Sells at ... 16/6
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Fortune
MOISTURE RESISTANT PURE NYLON BRISTLES
IN EVERY WAY THE PERFECT HAIR BRUSH

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Prices are for state of manufacture, prices in distant areas may be slightly higher.

CHAFING

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder.

Cuticura OINTMENT

534

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

AN evening formal designed to bare one shoulder completely has big appeal and high fashion for summer, and I have designed three to show how easy it is to achieve variety in this style.

Bare one shoulder

"I AM writing to you for advice about a new evening frock. I have plenty of ideas about the skirt, having decided on accordion pleats or something very full, but can't decide on a bodice design. I would also like advice about latest in colors and suitable material."

Your bodice problem will be solved, I hope, by any one of the three designs I have had sketched this week. Each design is executed in a different material, and I think all are convincing evidence that the one-side treatment is an elegant fashion.

Chiffon is used in Greek drapery for sketch one; the butterfly bodice worn with one wing up and one down is carried out in taffeta; and the third design is satin made with a bold stand-up drape over one shoulder.

Teenage choice

"THERE is quite a big social event in our town (informal dressing), and I would like your advice about my dress. Do you think biscuit crepe would look smart? I am a blonde and just seventeen. Please answer as soon as possible."

One of the newest types of informal for teenagers is made in sheer organdie or marquisette, in navy, brown, or black. With your blonde coloring, navy would be very attractive. If you like the idea of a sheer, I consider it more suitable and pretty for the summer-time than a crepe. Have it made quite simply, with a shirtwaist top buttoned up the front, tiny sleeves (no pads), and a bouffant skirt 13 inches from the ground. For a trim, I suggest white cotton rick-rack braid circling the skirt, say 14 to 16 strips

"ROBERTA."—An attractive house-gown styled with a full skirt and new shaped collar. The material is a French striped seersucker with a flower design in blue and pink, green and royal, turquoise and gold, stripes all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 53/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 55/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

"ENID."—A young girl's pretty button-up dressing-gown. The material is a floral printed mercerised cambric in pale blue, pale pink, pale green, and sky, printed with a white and contrasting small flower.

Ready To Wear: Age 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Length 29, 33, 37, 41, and 45 inches. Price 17/11, 18/6, 20/3, 21/6, 25/9. Postage 1/-, 1/2, 1/4, 1/4, 1/6.

Cut Out Only: Age 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Length 29, 33, 37, 41, and 45 inches. Price 11/3, 12/3, 13/11, 14/3, 15/6. Postage 1/-, 1/2, 1/4, 1/4, 1/6.

N.B.—No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17). or by post:

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 122A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4088P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 165C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



THIS SUMMER, one bare shoulder is one of the newest fashion notes for evening gowns.

starting above the hemline and continuing to the hipline.

Newest swim styles

"WOULD you please tell me what are the newest colors for bathing suits, and the latest styles to be worn for summer?"

There are no extremes in cut or nudity for current swimsuit designs. Shopping for a swimsuit you will find a surprisingly big majority of soft dressmaker types in both one and two piece styles, made in cotton, linen, and sharkskin. The most popular one-piece suit is designed with a V or straight neckline, and short trunk trouser legs. Decol-

letage and ends of trouser legs are often cuffed with self material. The most-liked two-piece suit has a bra-top, plus a flared skirt, boy shorts, or bloomer trunks. Both pastel and dark colors appear on the beach; color chart includes black, a purplish navy, white, a sunshiny yellow, lavender-pink, and coral.

Satin and lace

"ARE lace and satin suitable, combined, to make a wedding gown for early autumn? I would like you to advise me on this matter as early as possible, and perhaps give me some helpful suggestions about the frock itself. I want something really dramatic."

Lace and satin combinations are going to be very new for autumn bridal fashions. It would be a dramatic idea to have your dress designed with a fitted bodice top finished with a wide stand-up frame collar, the collar completely veiled in lace. Have the skirt made with a wide fold pleat back and front, and lace veiling the twin panels created by the pleats. Have long sleeves with pointed wrist detail finished with self tiny button closings.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



LUX...

So safe!



Its tiny diamonds give such fast, gentle suds....make stockings last twice as long!

Compare Lux with any other soaps you've ever used. See how quickly those tiny shimmering Lux diamonds whip up into a creamy lather! Those suds are safer. Your hands and all your nice washables will tell you so. Use Lux to whisk perspiration out of precious stockings every night. Tests prove that with Lux care, stockings last twice as long, as when you use strong soaps or harsh washing methods.



Don't risk harsh soaps!

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OVER HALF A MILLION AUSTRALIAN FAMILIES MUST BE RIGHT!

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In homes all over Australia "Portex" Plastic Skin has become an indispensable part of the family medicine chest. Antiseptic, flexible and waterproof, "Portex" ... applied direct from the tube ... has proved a most effective dressing for everyday injuries. From Chemists only -2/9 a tube.

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Mummy always did treat me right



FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER! In homes all over the world you'll find Johnson's Baby Products the universal choice of most Mothers. For these famous products—Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap, Baby Oil and Cream are of unsurpassed quality and have been proved through many years as *best for baby, best for you, too*. See that *your* nursery has a full range of Johnson's Baby Products and if not, inquire at your favourite chemist or store, now!

HMM! THIS IS THE LIFE! It's grand to have a Mummy who knows what's really *best* for baby! 'Cause Mummy knows herself what a soft and silky powder Johnson's really is. She says it keeps me smooth and lovely and chases those painful little chafes and prickles... but folks, it makes me feel so cool and comfortable that I just gurgle with delight.



TAKE MY TIP, FOLKS! It's hot news for a mighty cool subject... There's a bigger, more economical tin of Johnson's Baby Powder available not only to help us babies to lots and lots of skin comfort but for grown-ups, too! That's where my clever Mummy scores again! She says gentle Johnson's Baby Powder is best for all the family, too!



Johnson's... *Best for Baby — Best for You*



LENGTHENING TRICK: Slant part from side towards the crown.

TO WIDEN a thin face place part from near forehead, and slant towards the ear.

Headlines

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

- For hair glamor, brush with a whipping motion, wash with a good shampoo, dry in sun, and massage scalp with fingerpads.

SHORTER hairdos need more frequent pinning up at night, and more brush-ups during the day, but to compensate for that there is less bulk to pin and to dry when you wash it.

A little more spent on a first-class short cut is money far better spent than if it was expended on frequent setting, because the shorter cut allows for quite a bit of home setting and rearranging.

It is important, though, that the hair is kept well-trimmed.

But if you are particularly attached to a specially lovely mop of hair, don't crop it too short as a sop to fashion. Go in for one of the half-and-half styles that will retain its glamor as well as giving you a contemporary head.

First of all, look for a good parting; the right one will emphasise a good feature, camouflage one not so desirable.

Illustrated are some ways and means of achieving a prettier frame for the face by planned partings.

The real quality of the hair itself depends on its health, and that, in turn, reflects good care.

So let us run through some of the work-a-day methods used for glamor locks.

Frail, brittle hair may be nourished with tonics and unguents; almost all hair benefits from a good oiling the night before washing. Washing should be done with a good shampoo, not a cake soap rubbed straight on to the strands.

Shampoos, whether done at home or at a salon, are spaced according to how often the hair needs washing; in cool weather usually a seven to ten day interval is allowable.

It may be necessary to wash the hair more frequently in the summer-time to keep it sweet-smelling and fine-textured. The owner is the best judge of the right time to allow between laundings.

Opportunities for drying in the fresh air and sunshine in warm weather should be eagerly grasped, for the sun's rays can do much to put hair in better condition and add extra shine.

Where color rinses are used, avoid them temporarily if the hair has a dull, lank look. Instead, try occasional camomile or tea rinses, or ask your hairdresser for suggestions.

A heavy hand with the lacquer can be another means of destroying hair color and sheen. Using it sparingly, and not every day, vigorous brushings are still essential in the daily routine.

Vital hair springs from a scalp made healthy by active circulation, too, and the perfect means of speeding up the blood flow is by massage.

So a few minutes are given each night to working the fingertips up from the base of the neck to the crown and sides of the head.

The scalp should move easily under the fingerpads; if it feels tight, then it wants more massage to make it flexible.

Brushing the hair daily is a beauty rule even our grandmothers followed; then it was brush your hair with a hundred strokes, but did you ever know anyone who did it?

I do not, but beginning with half

COWLICK DODGER: Part from near centre towards the ear, reverse around cowlick.

FOREHEAD FLATTERY: Centre part gives brow height, width, breaks a too straight hairline.

GLAMOR STUFF: Part takes off low, curves up to the crown, leaves wide, smooth top.

the number and building up to a hundred each day is actually a short cut to a nice burnish and the well-groomed look.

Don't brush flat on top of the hair; make a point of getting underneath and lifting each strand as you brush, and every now and again wipe the brush off on a towel. This is an easy way to check on whether you need a shampoo.

Read how this remarkable Home Beauty Treatment makes your skin finer, smoother, prettier, in a few days

A smooth, soft, well-cared-for skin makes every face young-looking and attractive. You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend pounds on at exclusive beauty salons, but so easy now to do yourself in your own home.

What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. This entirely new kind of preparation will open your eyes to the natural beauty that lies hidden in your skin. The important new feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin. No elaborate massage is needed; scientific tests show that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck every night at bed-time. It takes only a minute or so. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leaves your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin within a



few days! All signs of roughness, coarseness or patchiness soften away; poor colour and lack of tone in the skin quickly improve. Skin faults are rarely due to age, but to wind and weather, and often to tiredness and nervous strain. Every woman over twenty needs this regular beauty care to keep her skin in its naturally beautiful condition.

Start your home beauty treatment to-night. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any chemist or store; 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

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Fascinating colours, flattering texture. 'Moygashel', the washable, crease-resisting fabrics that are perfect for wear—everywhere.

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the world's best cook!

These three new delicious ways to serve Heinz

Cooked Spaghetti will win cheers from your family. So easy and quick for you to prepare. So easy on your budget, too. Try these recipes. Watch how that hungry family of yours clamours for more. Try one of them today.

FREE RECIPE FOLDER—delicious Spaghetti dishes that are quick and easy to prepare. Write to Advertising Department, H.J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo St, Richmond, Victoria.



JO MAZZOTI SPAGHETTI

Add contents of 1 16 oz. tin of Heinz Spaghetti to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of browned Pork Sausage Meat or Minced left-over Meat with two large chopped and browned onions, 1 cup diced celery, 1 small chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. diced tasty cheese and 1 tsp. vinegar. Cover and cook in moderate oven for 30 minutes. (Serves 4 to 6)



FRANKFURTS AND SPAGHETTI

Split 8 Frankfurts lengthwise and steam. Meanwhile heat contents of 16 oz. tin of Heinz Spaghetti. Place heaped spoonfuls of Spaghetti on steamed frankfurts and serve hot. (Serves 4)



SPAGHETTI WITH HAM AND ONIONS

Mix three cups of coarsely minced cooked ham (or left-over meat) with one or two sliced onions. Brown the mixture in fat and serve on a well-heated platter. Cover with the contents of a 16 oz. tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti heated bubbling hot. Garnish with sprigs of parsley. (Serves 4 to 6).

HEINZ COOKED *Spaghetti*

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD. - Melbourne - Sydney - Brisbane - Adelaide - Perth



● Compiled from entries in our £3000 Cookery Contest, our new book, "Cookery for Parties," contains dozens of good recipes which may be used to add interest to everyday meals, as well as special occasions. Secure your copy now. Price 2/- from newsagents and bookstalls.

SHARING good food with others has always been the traditional way of expressing joy. Simple but delightful menus and detailed recipes for celebration dinners which won the main prizes in our £3000 contest are to be found in "Cookery for Parties."

The following recipes have been selected from entries which won consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

MEXICAN CHICKEN

Two medium-sized chickens (jointed), 1½ lb. tomatoes, 2 tablespoons tomato puree, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup white wine, ½ cup stock, ½ cup oil, 2 chopped onions, 1 lb. mushrooms (or less), 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, salt and pepper, chopped parsley, colored pearl onions.

Heat oil in saucepan, add the jointed chickens and cook till golden brown on all sides. Drain off excess oil. Add skinned chopped tomatoes and tomato puree, sprinkle with flour and stir well till flour browns. Add white wine, stock. Lightly brown peeled mushrooms and onions in a little butter; add to chicken. Season with salt and pepper, add the shallots and simmer gently for 1½ hours. Arrange chicken on hot dish, cover with sauce, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Garnish with colored pearl onions. Approximately 8 servings.

ORANGE FLUFF DELIGHT

Cake Base: Six ounces butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1½ cups milk.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 9 in. square tin or lamington tin and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) for approximately 45 minutes, or until testing shows cake is cooked. Turn carefully on to cooling rack. Prepare orange fluff for topping.

ORANGE FLUFF: Two-and-a-half dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1½ cups orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ cups sugar, 4 eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons grated orange rind.

Soften gelatine in cold water mixed with ½ cup of the orange juice. In top of double boiler mix balance of orange juice, lemon juice, 1 cup of the sugar, beaten egg-yolks, salt and grated orange rind. Stir constantly over boiling water till mixture thickens. Add gelatine, stir till dissolved and set aside to cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add balance of sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved, and mixture is creamy. If desired fold in one cup cream. When orange mixture is cold and beginning to thicken beat briskly until fluffy. Fold in meringue mixture. Pour into wetted tin, same size as used to cook cake. Place cake on top, pressing lightly against

orange mixture. Allow to set firmly in cool place.

To complete dessert unmould and place on serving dish. Decorate top with finely chopped nuts and a few orange slices. Decorate dish with orange slices which have been chilled and coated with castor sugar. Serve with cream or ice-cream. For 12.

EGGS STUFFED WITH DILL PICKLE

Twelve hard-boiled eggs, 1 dill pickle, ½ cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper, thin strips parboiled red pepper, lettuce.

Cut shelled eggs lengthwise and remove yolks. Mix the egg-yolks with the chopped dill pickle, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Fill back into egg-whites. Garnish with narrow strips of red pepper. Serve in lettuce cups with extra mayonnaise. Sufficient for 12—two halves to each serving.

ABERDEEN SOUP WITH CHEESE CORKSCREWS

One-and-a-half pounds round steak, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 large carrots, 4 medium onions, 2 sticks celery, pinch herbs, 3 teaspoons salt, 4 pints water, 2 tablespoons rolled oats, 3 tablespoons macaroni, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cut steak into small cubes, coat well with flour. Place in large saucepan with diced vegetables, herbs, salt and water. Simmer gently 2½ hours. Add rolled oats, macaroni, and cayenne pepper. Cook ½ hour longer, stirring frequently. Just before serving add milk (more may be necessary as soup becomes very thick), Parisian essence, butter and parsley. Serve hot with cheese corkscrews. Sufficient for 12.

Cheese Corkscrews: Roll out a

small quantity of rough puff pastry. Spread thinly with mixed mustard, coat with grated cheese, dust with salt and pepper. Fold into 3, roll again. Add another layer of cheese, fold and roll again. Repeat 3 or 4 times. Roll thinly, cut into strips 4 in. long and ¼ in. wide. Twist like a corkscrew. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric), until risen and golden brown, 8 to 10 minutes. Serve with Aberdeen soup.

BACON AND CHEESE SAVORY

Half-pound processed cheese, ½ lb. bacon rashers, 2 onions, 12 eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon made mustard, salt and pepper, brown breadcrumbs, butter, tomato slices, parsley.

Line 2 buttered ovenware dishes with thinly sliced cheese. Fry chopped bacon and onion (in fat which melts from bacon) until cooked but not browned. Beat eggs, add milk, seasonings, bacon, and onion. Pour over cheese. Place

THIS MEAL won the £100 prize for a celebration dinner: Celebration cup, angels on horseback, celery balls, devilled salmon, roast turkey with ham croquettes, vegetables, orange supreme, cheese salad, black coffee. See recipes in "Cookery for Parties," now on sale. Price 2/-.

more slices of cheese on top. Cover with brown breadcrumbs and small pieces of butter. Cook in moderate oven until set and golden brown. Serve garnished with sliced tomato and sprigs of parsley. For 12.

CREAMED POTATOES IN TOMATO CUPS

Twelve medium-sized tomatoes, 2½ cups hot mashed potato, 1 egg-white, ½ cup thick white sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, salt, and pepper.

Wash and dry tomatoes. Cut thick slice from top, scoop out centres; drain by turning upside down on flat plate. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into hot mashed potato with white sauce. Dust tomato cases with salt and pepper, fill with potato mixture, sprinkle thickly with cheese. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve piping hot. For 12.



The Mealtime Favorite!

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Novelty veal pie wins £5 prize

• Veal steak develops an unusual flavor if prepared as suggested in this week's first prize winning recipe.

SHORTCRUST may be used instead of rough puff pastry to top the novelty veal pie—for a change try adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese to the dry ingredients for the pastry before liquid is added.

Pineapple is the predominant flavor in sweet and savory dishes which win consolation prizes this week.

Bacon and pineapple flapjacks are easy to prepare for week-end teas or mid-week luncheons.

The pineapple tea-cake may be served as a hot dinner sweet or as a cake for afternoon tea or supper.

NOVELTY VEAL PIE

One and a half pounds veal steak cut thinly, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon milk, pinch grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 6oz. rough puff pastry.

Wipe veal with damp cloth. Cut into pieces approximately 3in. x 3in. Remove rind from bacon and chop. Mix breadcrumbs, parsley, salt, pepper, melted margarine or butter, nutmeg, and lemon rind. Moisten with milk. Place small quantity of chopped bacon on each veal piece, then cover with breadcrumb mixture. Roll up, secure with fine string or a cocktail stick.

Pack into saucepan, add 1 cup water, cover, and simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Lift veal-rolls carefully into pie-dish, piling up in centre. Pour over remaining stock from saucepan.

Roll out pastry to fit top of pie-dish. Moisten rim of dish, place strip of pastry around edge, glaze again. Cover with balance of pastry, trim edges, decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Cut slit in top. Brush with milk, bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric), cook further 20 to 25 minutes. Cover with paper if browning too quickly. Garnish with parsley, serve hot with vegetables and extra gravy if desired.

First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Bishop, 138 Lime Ave., Mildura, Vic.

BACON AND PINEAPPLE FLAPJACKS

Four ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked ham, 3 tablespoons diced pineapple, 1 egg, scant cup milk, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, 6 or 8 bacon rashers, fat for frying, pineapple



BACON AND PINEAPPLE FLAPJACKS, served piping hot with fried pineapple and tomato, make good fare for breakfast, luncheon, or high tea. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

BABY'S TEETHING need give you no anxieties

There need be no restless nights, no tears, no baby disorders, if you have Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders handy. Mothers all over the world have found them soothing and cooling when baby is fretful through teething, and, best of all, they are ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS



TOPPED with cream or cream substitute and pineapple cubes, this pineapple tea-cake is delicious. Served hot with pineapple sauce it makes an appetising dinner sweet. The recipe wins a prize in this week's contest.

slices, tomato wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne into bowl. Beat egg, add milk. Make a well in centre of flour, add liquid, stir from centre outwards, making a smooth batter. Fold in melted margarine or butter, bacon, and chopped pineapple. Fry a dessertspoonful at a time in small quantity hot fat. Cook gently 5 to 6 minutes, turning once during cooking. Wrap each flapjack in rasher of bacon, place in moderate oven until bacon is cooked. Meanwhile, fry pineapple slices in hot fat. Serve flapjacks piping hot, garnished with pineapple slices, tomato wedges, and parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Downie, 274 Railway Place, Flemington, Vic.

PINEAPPLE TEA-CAKE

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs (or use 1 egg and 3 tablespoons milk), 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup shredded well-drained pineapple, 1 extra teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon sugar for topping.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then milk, if used. Spread half mixture into greased 7in. cake-tin, cover with layer of pineapple, then balance of cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Carefully remove from tin on to cake-cooler. While still hot brush top with extra butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Serve cut in wedges with or without whipped cream or cream substitute.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Wallace, 23 Thomas St., Ipswich, Qld.

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OLD-FASHIONED FIREPLACE in reception-room of Reta Findlay's Melbourne flat. Chinese garden seat is used as fireside table. Attractive ladder-backed chair at right.



FACING FIREPLACE in reception-room is wall mirror with turquoise-painted frame. Settee is upholstered in Chinese-inspired brocade.

Antique pieces in modern flat

By EVE GYE,
Editor of our Homemaker Department

"HOME is a place in which one must express one's self," says Miss Reta Findlay, a director of a well-known Melbourne store, whose charming Collins Street flat is shown on these pages.

Although modern in business outlook, Miss Findlay prefers old furniture and bric-a-brac wrought by the skilled hands of craftsmen.

She has surrounded herself with the chairs and tables and the lovely accessories of a more leisurely past, because she feels that these produce a softness and a sense of repose.

She knows the magic to be wrought by clever use of color and she has used it in her home and in her office.

"A place without flowers is a place without a soul" is another of Miss Findlay's beliefs, but, she says, flowers must be well arranged, and grouped pleasingly, for they can look untidy and break up the line of a room unless strategically placed.

Her flat overlooks tree-lined Collins Street and to reach it you climb a wide cedar staircase.

When the front door opens you look straight through a narrow hallway into a coral-tinted cocktail bar.

Walls of hallway are painted a delicate lilac, with the exception of top section of one which is palest primrose to match ceiling; floor has lilac-toned carpet. Door leading to morning-room is lilac; to reception-room, turquoise-blue.

Color scheme of the enchanting little morning room matches the hallway, even the painted woodwork of the deep window is lilac.

The reception-room is turquoise-and-apricot, with one wall tinted a delicate turquoise, as is the ceiling. Other walls are palest apricot. Woodwork surrounding the wide windows overlooking Collins Street is painted a deep-turquoise-blue. Long curtains in the same shade drape these windows.



CORNER showing one of Reta Findlay's attractive flower arrangements, standing on a turquoise-blue table with a blue mirrored top. On the wall are Wedgwood medallions in rosewood panels. Notice parrot on its swing.

Growing your own rockmelons

MANY experience difficulty in growing rockmelons successfully. This is chiefly due to sowing seed too early, when soil is cold.

Under such conditions germination is slow, faulty, or may fail because the seed malts and rots without sprouting. For that reason it pays to wait until the soil has warmed up a bit—say, late in September or any time this month.

Soil needs to be well endowed with rotted manure and should have three to four ounces of a complete fertiliser added. Mix well and tread ground down firmly to make a shallow depression which will hold the water. Then sow about six seeds in each "hill" or well-prepared spot, and thin out to three plants when the seeds germinate.

Hills should be well spaced, for rockmelons, like cucumbers, trailing marrows, pumpkins, and squashes, occupy a lot of room. Normally the rockmelon requires four feet of space each way.

They respond to generous watering and feeding with liquid manure, and require both regularly. Keep down summer grass and other

weeds by hoeing carefully all round from time to time while plants are small, but later you will find the shade they cast will control weeds to a great extent.

When walking round plants that are throwing out vines, do not walk on these trailing arms, because this keeps them back far more than you think—often delaying fruiting by four or five weeks. If vines are in

the way, lift and train them in the way they should go.

As to yield, an average Cantaloupe or Nettle Gem rockmelon will produce about a dozen to each hill.

Best varieties to sow now are Banana, Californian Cream, Early Hackensack, Emerald Gem, Fordhook, Hale's Early, Nettle Gem, Rocky Ford, and Spicy Cantaloupe. —Our Home Gardener.

EXERCISE IN FRESH AIR . . .

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

EXERCISE in the fresh air is important during pregnancy.

Walking in correct posture, wearing comfortable, suitable shoes, and swinging the legs from the hips, is splendid exercise, bringing into play many of the muscles of the body, and strengthening some that are used in childbirth.

Sport which is not very strenuous and to which you have always been accustomed may usually be continued with advantage for some months.

The golden rule regarding all forms of exercise, including house-

work is to stop short of fatigue during this time.

Special exercises aimed at the control and relaxation of the abdominal muscles are now taught, both in the pre-natal period and after baby is born.

These special exercises are clearly described and illustrated in "You and Your Baby," a complete book on parentcraft which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, price 7/6, plus 4d. postage (registration 6d. extra). Please write name and address in block letters when ordering.



LEFT: Glimpse of the charming morning-room, walls and wood-work of which are tinted lilac up to the picture-rail. Sections above and the ceiling are palest primrose; floor is carpeted in a deeper tone. On the mantelpiece of corner fireplace (not shown) are lovely old pieces of china collected by Miss Findlay.



THIS PICTURE was taken from the door of the morning-room looking through to charming reception-room of flat.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

STAINS left by cleaning fluids may be removed when the garment is quite dry and fumes have quite evaporated by holding stain over the steam from a kettle. Make sure all traces of inflammable cleaner are gone before using steam as remover.

WHEN about to cut lunches in the morning, put the butter in a warmer on the pot of morning tea, in place of the teapot lid, to soften the butter.

POTATOES can be baked in about half the time if they are placed in hot water for 15 minutes before they are put in the baking-dish.

OLD shaving brushes with the bristles fairly short may be used for applying white shoe cleaner.

LEMONS will keep for months if cleaned thoroughly with a dry cloth, then rolled in egg-white and left to dry. When required for use, wipe coating off and the lemons will still be fresh.



MISS RETA FINDLAY, photographed at her desk in her office. Three walls and ceiling are tinted lime; the other is faint aubergine—all designed for restful vision. Curtains are lime. Floor has ruby-red carpet; chairs are upholstered in same shade of leather. The lampshade is in a deeper tone of ruby-red. Furniture is natural maple. Flowers also play an important part in the decorative scheme of this office.



HALLWAY has lilac walls, but top section of one is tinted primrose to match ceiling. Floor is carpeted in deeper tone of lilac. Glass shelves above gilt table hold exquisite bric-a-brac.

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You know how dull your complexion sometimes looks. How scaly bits of dead skin "scuff-up" and spoil your make-up. Just whip on a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream and watch your tired, dull complexion come alive . . . watch it sparkle. Feel its heavenly softness.



Secret for a Lovelier Evening!

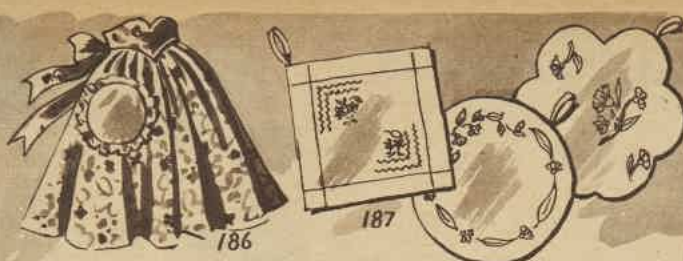
Before you go out — a 1-Minute Mask:

1. Smooth a cool white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face — except eyes.
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 185—FROCK
A pretty skirt and button-trimmed bodice are features of this frock. Cut out and ready to sew, the material is a British floral cotton on a white ground with tonings of lemon, brown, and green; cyclamen, aqua, and pale blue; pink, midnight-blue, and green; green, aqua, and lemon; rose, lime-green, and red. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 17/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/9. Regd. postage 1/6 extra.

No. 186—WAIST APRON
This gay little apron is cut out ready to sew in a bright floral British cotton in tonings of blue, pink, lemon, green, and orange. Price 4/9. Postage 5/4d. extra.

No. 187—POT HOLDERS
Clearly traced ready to make up and embroider in a British head-cloth in blue, pink, green, and lemon, these pot holders measure 8in. x 8in. Price 4/11 complete set. Postage 5/4d. extra.

No. 188—TELEPHONE BOOK COVER
Embroider this cover in bright contrasting colors. The material is ever-wearing cearine in blue, green, grey, lemon, and white. Price 3/11. Postage 4/4d. extra.

No. 189—CHRISTENING FROCK, SLIP, AND BONNET
Cut out ready to make and embroider, this lovely christening set will be an asset to any baby's wardrobe. The material is a white Swiss cotton voile or rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of white, pale blue, and pink. The frock and slip measure 24in. in length, and lace is supplied for trimming. Price: Frock, 19/3. Regd. postage 1/- extra. Slip, 14/11. Regd. postage 9d. extra. Bonnet, 4/9. Postage 5/4d. extra. Complete set, 36/6. Regd. postage 1/6 extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on Page 49.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5672

F5671.—One-piece has a contrasting swathed midriff section finished with a bow trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5672.—Daytime dress for plain and printed fabric. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. floral and 2yds. 36in. plain material. Price, 1/11.

F5673.—Small girl's pretty one-piece dress. Sizes 18, 20, and 22in. length, or 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5674.—Sun-frock and matching bolero feature a rick-rack braid trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1 1/2 yds. braid. Price, 2/8.

F5675.—Tailored one-piece has smart white contrast for collar and cuffs. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.



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